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The Shape of Things

THE SHORT VIEW OF LAST WEEK'S TWO BIG Republican primaries is that the Democrats have little to cheer about. Governor Duff's successful drive for the Senatorial nomination in Pennsylvania means that Senator Myers, a consistent liberal and the Democrats' whip in the upper chamber, is going to have a hard time of it in November, whereas he might have beaten Duff's opponent, John C. Kunkel, with no great difficulty. In Oregon the renomination of Senator Morse not only makes Republican retention of the seat a high probability, but gives the G. O. P. ticket in that state the benefit of a name that will win liberal and labor votes it could not otherwise hope to catch. Yet in a deeper political sense the results should give at least the liberal wing of the Democratic Party the biggest lift it has had since November, 1948. Senator Pepper's recent defeat at the hands of a man who ran as a Republican in everything but name had been hailed as an index of the country's drift to the right and a harbinger of conservative triumph in the fall. The situation has now been emphatically reversed. Duff, himself once a cog in the Grundy machine, which is among the most backward machines in the country, is far from being a flaming liberal, but that is hardly the point. He had earned the machine's bitter enmity, first, when as governor he refused to countenance repeal of a manufacturers' tax and, later, when he fought like a tiger against Dewey's nomination for the Presidency. In the campaign he assailed the sacred cows of the Pennsylvania Association of Manufacturers as "old fogies" and "stuffed shirts." And the Grundy forces, in turn, held him up to the party voters as a disguised New Dealer and a false Republican. He not only won by more than two to one but carried in with him a candidate for governor equally distasteful to the Old Guard, giving the Grundy crowd the most decisive trouncing in its history.

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PERHAPS THE REPUBLICANS OF OREGON could not help themselves. Faced for the first time with a Democratic registration larger than their own, they may have realized that Morse was vital to their success in November. Nevertheless, the campaign waged against him by David I. Hoover, an extremely conservative farmer, was even more abusive than the Pennsylvania fight on Duff. Following the Smathers lead in Florida, Hoover constantly sought to link his opponent with the Communists and was fond of demonstrating that Morse's voting record paralleled that of Senator Pepper. But he was soundly beaten for his pains—almost as soundly as the Pennsylvania Association of Manufacturers. The conclusion to be drawn from these contests is that the overwhelming majority of Republicans in two widely separated parts of the country feel that their party cannot hope to win with the vapid policies and tactics laid down for them by their national chairman, Guy Gabrielson. Obviously they are not as readily frightened by the threat of "socialism" as newspaper publishers. In general this should give heart to Fair Deal Democrats, and specifically it bodes ill for the 1952 hopes of Dewey, Stassen, and Taft. Duff, an inveterate foe of the New York governor, will certainly deny him the support of the powerful Pennsylvania delegation, which started the run in his favor in 1948. Stassen had the poor judgment, or luck, to come out for the anti-Duff candidate for governor of his adopted state, and he, too, will pay the price come 1952. And Taft, in spite of his concessions to the pressure for social legislation, will seem like a dubious risk when the Republicans of two such Old Guard strongholds as Pennsylvania and Oregon must rely on mavericks to lead them out of the wilderness.

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WHAT SECRETARY ACHESON BROUGHT home from London is impressive and visible: a definite agreement to coordinate and push ahead the military and economic preparations for war, in return for an implied—if not explicit—promise of continued financial help from America. Undoubtedly the Western ranks have closed, at least on paper and as far as the governments are concerned. Peace was on the agenda as a word, perhaps as a hope, but no indication appeared in any communiqué that it played a role in the discussions or decisions of the Western leaders. Another interesting omission was any public mention of the atom bomb. It might not have been produced, either here or in Russia, if one were to judge by the published plans for coordinating European defense. No hint emerged as to the possible effect of the new weapons of extermination either on strategy or on the will of the peoples to fight.

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Mr. del Vayo's analysis of the meeting on page 518 shows clearly both the scope and the limitations of the meeting. Its practical consequences, however, will be revealed only when the parliaments and press of the Atlantic states take over, when the agreements made at London have to be translated into laws and guns and men in uniform. Then the failure of the statesmen even to consider further attempts to reach agreement with Russia will, we believe, emerge as an obstacle in the path of action. For the people of Europe are not yet convinced that all-out preparations for hot war are the way to avoid it.

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THE PROCEEDINGS IN LONDON ADD POINT to the impressive demand made the same week by Jacob Potofsky, speaking to the biennial convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in Cleveland. Labor, said the president of the Amalgamated, should be given a direct voice in determining and carrying out the foreign policy of the country, including all economic-aid programs. To anyone who has visited American legations or attended international conferences these words make the soundest sense. The trouble with the State Department is not, as Senator McCarthy believes or pretends to believe, that it harbors Communists but that it is staffed to the gunwales with reactionaries; and this fact, in our opinion, is directly responsible for many of America's least excusable contributions to the cold war—in Eastern Europe, in Germany, in China, and indeed in Russia itself. A few able labor men in diplomatic posts, as well as in the State Department, would bring about a very different state of world affairs. It is also worth noting, and we hope Mr. Acheson will be promptly informed on his return to Washington, that the Amalgamated convention, representing some 375,000 members, adopted a resolution backing up its president's demand for a share in policy making and calling for direct negotiations with Russia until a basis of permanent peace is reached. "Areas of understanding, however difficult, must be found," the resolution said.

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SOMETIMES, IF NOT OFTEN, EXPEDIENCY and decency counsel the same course of action. In the case of Dr. Vladimir Houdek this is undoubtedly true. Anti-Communist Czechs in this country have commented with contempt rather than sympathy on Dr. Houdek's resignation from his post as Czechoslovak representative at the United Nations, urging that he be refused permission to remain in the United States as a political refugee. This is natural enough. Dr. Houdek inherited the job held by Dr. Jan Papanek before the 1948 coup resulted in the suicide of Papanek's friend and chief, Foreign Minister Masaryk, and in his own retirement. It took Dr. Houdek two years, his critics acidly point

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out, to discover that the Communist policy he expounded so rigidly in the U. N. was directed from Moscow. Indeed, it was not until several months after his own friend and chief, Dr. Vladimir Clementis, had been forced out of the Foreign Ministry as unreliable or worse that Houdek decided to quit rather than go home for a "six weeks' leave" which might prove permanent. But granting all this, it still would be foolish as well as harsh to refuse the Communist ex-diplomat a visa. In political terms his act of repudiation is of greater value than that of his democratic—Western-style—predecessors. For it represents a schism in the ranks of the faithful, not the mere falling apart of disparate elements. Houdek and Clementis and other leading Communists in Prague and elsewhere who have resigned or been ejected from office are evidence of the spreading disaffection in party ranks with Moscow's dictatorship over its satellites. For the present, purges can undoubtedly prevent effective resistance. But the movement will not be crushed unless it is badly mishandled by the West, America in particular. One of the best ways to back up Moscow rule would be to refuse asylum to Communists who dare defy it.

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McALISTER COLEMAN LIKED TO TELL THE story of one of his many Socialist nominations for public office. Near the end of the "man-who" speech he left the hall to get a drink and had to be tracked down to make his acceptance. He didn't recognize himself in all the fine adjectives, he explained later, and didn't imagine for a second that such fulsome tributes could be for him. The truth is that he was one of the very few men who measured up to the praises of a nominating speech. Others have given their lives to causes, but few have ever combined their faith and loyalty with the high spirits, the wit, and the gallantry that McAlister Coleman brought to the cause of socialism in the forty years since he covered the big garment workers' strike of 1910, the "Uprising of the 20,000." Labor reporter, author, speaker, and perennial candidate, Coleman graced the jails of coal and steel towns in Pennsylvania and West Virginia when John L. Lewis was just beginning to feel his strength and Philip Murray was his humble assistant. Chagrined and disappointed that his last illness prevented him from attending the Socialist Party's May Day dinner a few weeks ago—he was to have been guest of honor—Coleman sent a message that, sick or well, only he could have written. He could want no better epitaph than his own words: "A Happy May Day to you all. A curse on the hydrogen bomb and the back of my hand to capitalists throughout the entire world who fortunately, though they don't know it, are as obsolete as dodoes. We are going forward into the sunrise. . . ."

SOME OF THE BEST DEMOCRATS OF THE Americas, many of them exiles from their dictator-ridden countries, gathered in Havana earlier this month to discuss ways of defending and strengthening freedom throughout the hemisphere. Out of the meeting came a declaration pledging the delegates to an active fight against all totalitarian forces and the support of policies aimed at raising "the distressingly low level of life among the peoples of the continent." They committed themselves to a defense of the anti-Franco position taken by the United Nations and agreed to urge their respective governments not to admit Franco Spain to any international organization. In spite of the old and solidly established objection of the Latin countries to any form of intervention, the conference adopted a resolution approving military assistance by one country of the hemisphere to another threatened with totalitarian aggression. Such help would be given only on the direct request of the "victim state." The dangers implicit in even the most selective kind of armed intervention are obvious. It is a commentary on the sorry state of things in Latin America that they were regarded by these democratic spokesmen as less serious than the threat of reaction on the march. The conference set up a permanent body to be called the Interamerican Association for Democracy and Peace.

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WHEN BEREA COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED IN 1855 its charter contained these words: "God Hath Made of One Blood All Nations That Dwell upon the Face of the Earth." Under the leadership of Cassius M. Clay, the anti-slavery editor, and John G. Fee, the Abolitionist orator, Berea College trained Negroes and whites until Kentucky yielded to post-Civil War xenophobia and adopted the Day law, which forbids any individual or corporation to allow "the mingling of the students of the white and colored races in the same school or college or other institution of learning, whether public or private." The statute was specifically aimed at Berea College, but it was upheld in 1906 by the United States Supreme Court. There the matter rested until March 31, 1949, when Federal Judge H. Church Ford ordered the University of Kentucky to admit Negro students to its graduate schools. Prompted by this decision, the legislature recently amended the Day law to allow Negroes to attend college with whites. Thus after a compulsory lapse of forty years Berea College has now returned to its original American policy. The University of Louisville and three Catholic colleges in Kentucky have also opened their doors to Negro students. With the last barriers to Negro education at the college level swept away in Kentucky, Missouri remains the one border state which still refuses to follow the policies of native son Harry S. Truman.

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Election Overture

I. Mr. America

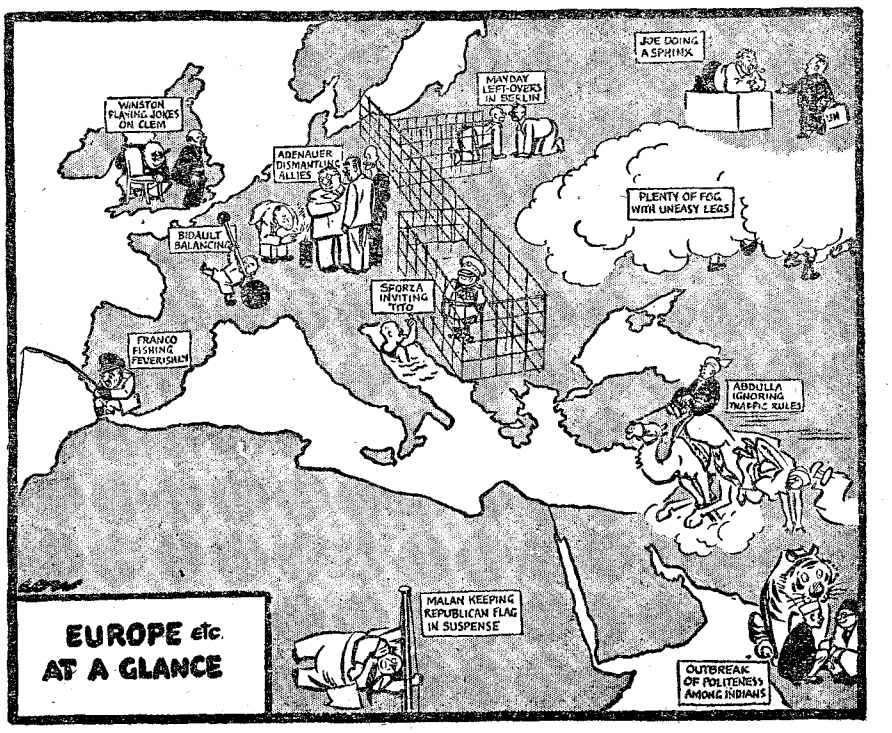
PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S "report to the people"—or "traveling medicine show," as his opponents call it—has served to highlight an ironic fact of current political history—to wit, the man the Democrats tried to shake off two years ago has become their hope and their salvation. The President left Washington on May 7, completely on the defensive, his foreign policies under vitriolic attack, his domestic program diluted by a sluggish Congress, a feeling of nervous uncertainty reflected throughout the country, and the McCarthys crowding in for the kill. He returned on May 16 buoyed up by the unmistakable sympathy of large and friendly crowds, with the bugaboo of "creeping communism" not exorcised perhaps, but reduced to perceptibly less morbid proportions, and with one more demonstration that the idea of the welfare state has sources deeper in the public will than Senators Taft and Wherry imagine.

Harry Truman is unique in his ability to bring off a success like this, and his uniqueness lies, paradoxically, in the commonness of the man. Where a Roosevelt might have swayed audiences by eloquence and logic, Truman convinces by the very fact of his being what he is. To look at this small-town American business man, to catch the twangy accents of Missouri Rotary in his speech, is to feel the full absurdity of his detractors' charges. No matter what John T. Flynn and the sleek editors of *Reader's Digest* have to say, his auditors just will not believe that Harry Truman is the man to countenance Kremlin agents in the White House, perverts in the State Department, and a government program designed to plunge the country down the path to communism and hell.

On the contrary, Mr. Truman has again tapped the wellsprings of American idealism that were the source of Roosevelt's strength—the incentive to "dream big dreams and plan big plans." Joseph C. Harsch, reporting from the Truman train to the *Christian Science Monitor,* summed up the total of these dreams as the President outlined them from whistlestop to whistlestop:

> An end to "boom and bust"; big business prospering but kept in check and balanced by a thriving small business fed from new springs of easy credit; a national income rising by $150,000,000,000 in ten years until the poorest family will have $4,000 a year income; higher wages for men working in factories free of racial prejudice and intolerance; water for the dry lands, security from floods on the low lands; green grass on the grazing lands and roads through the forest; "shiny new transmission lines" singing to busy farm, village, and city. And . . . free trade until a busy and prosperous free world makes a mockery of the "tyranny" of "godless communism" and all of us together emerge into the sunlight of peace.

Senator Taft, replying for the Republican Party, can jeer at this notion that "everyone is to be healthy, and rich, and happy as Harry," but it has put him and his colleagues on the defensive just the same. What is more important, it has done what needed to be done in distinguishing between the welfare state and the "red menace." Truman was careful not only to refrain from presenting his dream all in one piece, as Mr. Harsch has done, but to relate some particular part of it to the needs of each audience he addressed. In Missoula he denounced as "acorn minds" those who had once opposed the Hoover Dam as socialism. In Nebraska he talked up crop supports; in Wyoming, good roads; in unemployment-ridden Cumberland, social security. And everywhere he drove home the difference between these locally favored advances and the "creeping socialism" with which he is being charged by the Republicans. "I should like to remind the gentlemen who make the complaints," he said at Helena, "that if events had been allowed to continue as they were going prior to March 4, 1933, most of them would have had no business left . . . to interfere with, and almost surely we would have socialism in this country—real socialism."


JOE DOING A SPHINX
MAYDAY LEFT-OVERS IN BERLIN
WINSTON FLAYING JOKES ON CLEM
ADENAUER DISMANTLING ALLIES
PLENTY OF FOG WITH UNEASY LEGS
BIDAULT BALANCING
SFORZA INVITING TITO
FRANCO FISHING FEVERISHLY
ABDULLA IGNORING TRAFFIC RULES
MALAN KEEPING REPUBLICAN FLAG IN SUSPENSE
OUTBREAK OF POLITENESS AMONG INDIANS
EUROPE etc. AT A GLANCE

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Nobody—Mr. Truman least of all—took seriously the pretense that the tour was "non-political." Nothing a President says or does, except perhaps when he is laying a wreath at Arlington, is free of politics. But this was politics of a healthy sort. It soberly advised the country to resign itself to a long siege of cold war, but in its very emphasis on a bright future it soothed the fears of an atomic clash and, by implication, made that catastrophe seem anything but inevitable. More immediately important, it cleared the air somewhat of the poisons generated on the right. By the President's speeches and by their 1950 platform adopted at Chicago, the Democrats stand recommitted to New Deal-Fair Deal policies, resting on the thesis that "the power of government exists for the people to use." In spite of vacillations, deviations, and downright betrayals on the part of individual Democrats, this remains, for most of the country, the core of the party's position, the source of its popular strength, and ultimately its only answer to the Republican slogan, "Liberty or Socialism." It is to Mr. Truman's credit that he recognizes a basic issue and has chosen to meet it head-on.

II. The Do-Something 81st

IN SPITE of the President's personal success on his Western trip, two questions remain unanswered: Has he sufficiently identified the national issues he is raising with local Congressional candidates of the Democratic Party? And will the voters be inspired to turn out to reaffirm their faith in the Fair Deal?

Mr. Truman told his audiences that the Eighty-first Congress "isn't through yet," and he promised to come back and tell them who is to blame if his program is stalled again. But it is clear that substantial parts of that program are stalled right now. There will be no civil-rights legislation, no Taft-Hartley repeal, no health legislation, no aid to education, no new farm plan. The tax bill being prepared by a combination of Republicans and Southern Democrats will not bring in enough revenue, and its inequities may invite a Presidential veto. Mr. Truman's majorities, despite the Democrats' technical control of Congress, are insufficient to make the record a brilliant one.

On the other hand, the present Congress has passed housing bills which include provisions for public housing killed by Republican Joseph Martin two years ago. It has raised the statutory minimum wage from 40 cents to 75 cents an hour, after the G. O. P. refused to pass such a law. It has approved a bill for a National Science Foundation, somewhat marred by the loyalty-oath provision. It has benefited consumers by repealing the discriminatory taxes on margarine. It is passing, in a personal victory for Truman, a liberalized displaced-persons law. It will soon expand the coverage and benefits of the social-security act—not sufficiently but substantially. It will probably pass a rent-control law allowing cities with serious housing shortages to protect tenants from unreasonable increases. Mr. Truman was able to kill the Kerr natural-gas bill, with its grab possibilities, and he probably can successfully veto the "compromise" basing-point bill designed to nullify the anti-trust laws and legalize slick price-fixing schemes.

Is this enough to stir up the voters in an off-year election? It is pretty clear that the Republicans offer no alternative to attract the people. They are trying to create issues out of the budget deficit, out of McCarthyism and the slogan "Liberty Versus Socialism," and out of the isolationist spirit which still blights large sections of the G.O.P. Voters who favor the Fair Deal may thus feel that they have no place to go except to the Democrats—that the partial performance of the Eighty-first Congress is better than the naked reaction exhibited the last time the Republicans controlled Congress and the reaction of the G. O. P.'s present leadership.

But urging the lesser of two evils is scarcely the type of compaigning which brings throngs of voters to the polls. Local candidates must be able to arouse positive enthusiasm both for themselves and the Administration program. The President is the only person who has even a chance to focus off-year election discussions on the level of the national interest. He is clearly bidding through reclamation and public-power projects for a liberal Democratic "Solid West" to strengthen his dependable Fair Deal majorities. But he cannot do it alone. The voters in each district and state of the North and West must be assured that increasing the President's majorities will mean action in the Eighty-second Congress in fields in which the Eighty-first is falling short.

The Knauff Scandal

MRS. ELLEN KNAUFF'S succession of escapes from deportation call to mind the "cliffhangers" beloved of the movie serial makers. In the movies, you know that the heroine will be saved after fourteen breathtaking instalments. But in Mrs. Knauff's case it is impossible to predict a final happy resolution.

Ellen Knauff was born in Germany in 1915. After Hitler forced a change in her plans by forbidding Jews to go to college, she married a Czech and went with him to Prague, where she continued to live, following her divorce in 1935, until 1939, when she again fled Hitler, this time to England. For nearly five years she served in the R. A. F., and then took a job with American occupation forces in Germany, where, early in 1948, she met and married her present husband, former Sergeant Kurt Knauff. Urged by her husband, she obtained a leave of absence and as a G. I. war bride sailed

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for the United States, arriving in New York harbor on August 14, 1948. The Immigration Service immediately sent her to Ellis Island, where she has been held for deportation "as a hazard to internal security" ever since, except for brief intervals of freedom on bail.

Two Attorneys General, Tom Clark and J. Howard McGrath, have insisted that under a war-time law they could refuse to make public their charges against her or to hold an open hearing. Edward J. Shaughnessy, local Immigration Director, announced in an expansive mood that "Tom Clark decided that she is not the type of person wanted in this country, and that is all there is to it." After lengthy proceedings the Supreme Court last January upheld the Attorney General's contention, and Mr. Shaughnessy put Mrs. Knauff aboard a Germany-bound vessel, from which she was removed only at the last moment through a temporary stay of deportation.

Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., then introduced a companion bill to the one earlier proposed by Senator Langer requiring a hearing in such cases. Meeting with all possible speed, the House Judiciary Committee was balked by the Immigration Service in its attempt to hear Mrs. Knauff. When the Circuit Court of Appeals granted habeas corpus on the ground that the Attorney General had acted capriciously in seeking to deport her while legislation affecting her case was pending, Mrs. Knauff was permitted to appear before the committee. Her testimony, together with the stubborn silence of the Immigration Service, resulted in the unanimous report of a bill admitting her, a vote followed by unanimous passage of the bill by the House.

Two weeks ago, on May 16, the court found for the Immigration Service and dissolved the temporary stay. This time the boys were not to be thwarted. Bright and early the next morning they rushed their captive out to the airport, where she watched her baggage being loaded. Then, almost unbelievably, she was reprieved, twenty minutes before the plane's departure. In a blistering decision denouncing the Justice Department's vindictive haste, Justice Robert H. Jackson had stayed deportation until the Supreme Court could review the matter. And there the affair rests.

For nearly two years the Justice Department has refused to expand on its brief original order. Neither courts nor committees nor Congressmen have been able to extract further information. A carefully "leaked" story intimated that Mrs. Knauff had Communist sympathies and had turned over lists of names to the Czech government. As part of regular work in Germany, she did supply certain lists, but that was before the Communists seized power. She denies that she is or ever has been a Communist.

Let us assume that evidence against her exists. Under the law there is nothing to compel submission of the evidence, if any, to the objective scrutiny of an open hearing. Only when the plight of an alien attracts public notice, as with Mrs. Knauff, is there the possibility of special legislation to undo the highhanded actions of the Justice Department, and this is too precarious a method to rely on. We therefore urge the passage of the Langer-Roosevelt bill. For in denying an alien the right to be informed of charges and the opportunity to answer them we are drifting dangerously close to procedures that in other lands we rightly denounce as totalitarian.

What's Happening to the Post Office?

BY WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, May 19

LAYING aside cosmic matters briefly, let us consider the wrangling between Postmaster General Donaldson and various committees of Congress about what kind of service the Post Office shall give the people and how the good Mr. Donaldson can stay out of jail. Mr. Donaldson professes to be seriously worried about the threat of imprisonment if he spends more money than the House Appropriations Committee says he can spend, and he thinks his best avenue of escape is to cut postal deliveries and services. The Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report says that his approach to the postal problem is merely a "shock treatment," and the Senate Post Office Committee voted ten to nothing to direct Mr. Donaldson to rescind his orders for a reduction in service. Since that is about all the Senate committee seems prepared to do, the proposal may perhaps be modestly advanced that in a rich, highly integrated country like ours somebody ought to champion the theory that the function of the Post Office is to serve the people swiftly and well.

Some years ago it could have been argued that the Post Office should not sell money orders or savings stamps, for this was a bank's business, or carry parcel post—the business of an express company. It could have been argued that the horse and buggy were good enough for rural mail delivery and that we never should have started twice-daily deliveries in cities. But Mr. Donald-

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son is now arguing that once-a-day delivery is good-enough service in city residential areas. And he no longer insists, as he once did before Congressional committees, that "traffic" is the great problem of the Post Office, and that mail must be handled steadily to prevent it from piling up. The National Association of Letter Carriers, which violently opposes Donaldson's announced policy because it will reduce employment, warns that it will seriously delay second-class mail and parcel post, as well as letters, even in business districts.

The trouble with picking on Donaldson is that he is not exclusively to blame for the accumulating difficulties of his department. There is no clear thinking in Congress about the work the department should perform, and no apparent agreement that it should be completely non-political. Nor was much clear thinking evident in the recommendations for Post Office reforms made by the Hoover Commission a year ago.

The task force which surveyed the Post Office for the Hoover Commission thought it should be a revolving-fund agency largely paying its own way. Certain inefficiencies, such as unnecessarily large expenditures for maintaining fleets of worn-out trucks, were sharply criticized, and better mechanical methods of handling the mails were urged. The commission, however, rejected the proposal that the Postmaster General be given blanket authority to set rates for various classes of mail service so as to balance receipts and expenditures. Issues of public policy were involved in the fixing of rates for first-, second-, third-, and fourth-class mail, it said, and the decisions should be made by Congress.

Donaldson is asking for higher rates. He wants to reduce what he says is a prospective loss next year of $200,000,000 on second-class mail (newspapers and magazines), $135,000,000 on third-class mail (advertising circulars), $100,000,000 on fourth-class (parcel post), and $60,000,000 on special services such as money orders and registered mail. But Congress has not complied. It has not raised rates and it has not passed bills recommended by both Mr. Donaldson and the Hoover Commission which would allow better fiscal controls and "take the Post Office out of politics" by abolishing Senate confirmation of the appointment of postmasters.

The Postmaster General seems more worried about the financial condition of his department than about anything else. He points out that the House Appropriations Committee directed him to reduce services, chopped his budget, and put a $400,000,000 ceiling on his deficit. The Senate traditionally raises House appropriations, but Donaldson says he can't wait for that this year. To the Senate Post Office Committee he defended his cuts in services by saying that if he spent beyond the limits he might make himself liable to prosecution.

No one seems to be thinking about improving an already badly deteriorated mail service. It is notorious, for example, that spending fifteen cents for a special-delivery stamp does not guarantee quicker delivery of a letter than it would get with a three-cent stamp. Spending six cents for an air-mail stamp does not guarantee quicker passage. Between Washington and New York, for example, first-class mail sent by rail is more certain of speedy delivery at many hours of the day than the more expensive air mail. Perhaps Mr. Donaldson's "shock treatment" is intended for Congress, to get it to increase the appropriation. Authoritative testimony declares that he would not save more than $25,000,000 a year, and possibly much less, by his reductions in service. Main city post offices would cease night service, deliveries and mail pickups would be sharply cut, and huge deficits would still remain to be met by the taxpayers. Mr. Donaldson would seem better advised to take the initiative in rallying support for improving the service, and for reducing the deficit by reasonable rate increases and by bookkeeping methods which would disclose hidden subsidies.

BEFORE Congress adjourns, a new drive will be made to enrich the Administration's foreign policy with something more positive than the slogans of the cold war. At the time of the first public discussion of the hydrogen bomb, Mr. Truman failed to use the platform thus provided to appeal to world public opinion for a peaceful settlement between East and West. Secretary of State Acheson showed no interest in the suggestions advanced by Senator McMahon of Connecticut for a massive American peace offensive as an alternative to the steady deterioration of Russo-American relations. There are those who believe that had Acheson shown more hospitality to McMahon's suggestions, he would have gained widespread public support which would have proved enormously valuable to him later in defending his department against the grotesque onslaughts of Joe McCarthy. Reporters who traveled with Mr. Truman on his Western trip returned with a feeling that the people would like reassurance on foreign policy—not denial of McCarthy's charges but indication that the Administration could find a way of relieving the international tension.

While the people dislike what isolationist orators call "appeasement" of Russia, they want passionately to prevent a third world war in the space of one lifetime, and some Congressmen who supported McMahon's proposal several months ago are hoping that before Congress adjourns it will find a way of expressing this deep-seated feeling. It could do so perhaps by a resolution declaring its beliefs, just as during the war Congress passed the Ball-Burton-Hill-Hatch resolution declaring its belief that America must unite with other nations in a new relationship, rejecting isolationism forever.

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Cold-War Council

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

London, May 17

WHEN the circle around the council table at Lancaster House was completed on Monday, and the three apostles of peace became the Gospel twelve, the most serene and smiling face among the company was that of Mr. Benediktsson of Iceland, who was in the happy position of representing a country without an army or a munitions industry. In this second part of the London conference the Atlantic Pact nations face a task no less difficult than the political problems to which the Big Three addressed themselves. Their purpose is to put teeth into the pact, first by creating a directing body which can act effectively without injuring the national susceptibilities of member states, and secondly by finding a way to finance the enormous cost of arming the grand coalition without making any one country feel that it is bearing the brunt of the burden. Of the twelve Foreign Ministers gathered here, only Mr. Benediktsson had nothing to fear on that score.

The Europeans would be unanimously in favor of having the United States pay the whole cost of strengthening the free world to meet the Russian challenge. With this in mind some of them suggested that a three-man commission be appointed to integrate the defense measures of the various geographical divisions of the treaty area and that it be headed by a man of the stature and tested ability of General Eisenhower. Above all else the Europeans want to see the United States so deeply committed that no matter what the swings of the political pendulum and the consequent revisions of foreign and domestic policy, Washington will feel it cannot decently back out of its promises.

With Eisenhower or Bradley, preferably the former, as supreme commander of the Atlantic Pact, the Europeans would feel comparatively tranquil. French and British generals might be outraged, but the politicians would breathe more easily, for they would believe they could then count on an American army and on the United States footing the bill. Europe will not be satisfied with dollars alone—and when I say Europe I mean the European governments; it demands both arms and men, and in great numbers. Of course, the only thing the ordinary citizen wants is peace and enough to eat.

The most disturbing problem for the ministers gathered here is how their countries are ever going to pay the enormous cost of implementing the pact, enormous in relation to their means, without undermining the people's standard of living and checking or reversing the progress toward recovery which they have so laboriously achieved. The Foreign Ministers of the Big Three, in their announcement of May 13, promised "the full maintenance of social and material standards," but the fact is that present living standards are grossly insufficient, far below pre-war levels. That is why the Finance Ministers, who are in closer touch with the domestic situation, declared a few weeks ago that their national budgets would permit no increase in military expenditures and proposed that the United States should pay for Western Europe's defense. Secretary of State Acheson, however, is determined to return to Washington with a great personal success and will not be inclined to ask for more billions from a Congress which has pared down Marshall Plan aid to the bone.

During the first part of this week the Atlantic Council has been considering possible ways of resolving all these contradictions. Now it confronts the problem of how to put in practice the theory of "total diplomacy" as defined by Mr. Acheson. The whole area must be rearmed; the economies of the individual countries must be integrated; all the resources of the free world must be mobilized to serve the policy of containing the Soviet Union—resources estimated in the May 13 announcement as from five to six times greater than Russia's.

Discussion of what form the new directing body of the Atlantic Pact might take—whether it should be M. Bidault's High Atlantic Council for Peace or the simple Secretariat of Coordination favored by the British and Americans—was interrupted by M. Schuman's explosive proposal for pooling French and German steel and coal resources. If this project should be carried out, many people here are wondering how it would affect the Atlantic alliance. The formation of a Franco-German economic bloc from which the British are omitted might place the Atlantic Pact nations on the horns of a dilemma: should they leave this bloc outside their immediate defense plans, or should they include it in its entirety and add German industry to the Atlantic potential for war? If they decide on the second course they may end by making no distinction between French rearmament and German rearmament.

The problem is complicated by the fact that it is not only the Communists in France who have protested vociferously against the Schuman proposal but also nationalistic old conservatives like the veteran politician Louis Marin. "If Germany is placed on a footing of equality with France, Belgium, and Luxemburg," said M. Marin, "its great industrial and human resources

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will soon enable it to dominate the whole enterprise, and there will be nothing in it for the rest of us." And what role shall Germany play in the new agency of command which is to be created—High Atlantic Council or Coordinating Committee? That of an equal? If so, what will become of the numerous decisions concerning Germany already taken by the British, French, and Americans—the agreement on an international authority for the Ruhr, on an Office of Military Security, on prohibitions and limitations of industrial production? Or will Germany be admitted as a subordinate member, in spite of Chancellor Adenauer's demand for equal rights? This is another question which is being earnestly discussed here, though no hint of it is heard outside Lancaster House.

May 19

IN THE last two days of the conference everything was "settled," sufficiently at least to permit Secretary Acheson to hail the six decisions taken as "substantial progress" and to cause Mr. Bevin, who said that the last forty-eight hours made him feel like a "new man," to become more lyrical than usual: witness his final speech in which he praised "the great Atlantic brotherhood."

The American delegation was fully satisfied with the results, chief among which was agreement upon two new administrative bodies—a permanent committee of deputies of the Foreign Ministers to direct the cold war and prepare for the possibility of its becoming hot, and a North Atlantic planning board to mobilize ocean shipping in case of war. This action implied acceptance of the American view that the system of national forces must be replaced by a unified collective force. The American position is supported by the iron logic of facts. If war is considered possible, and even likely, the present disproportion between Russian and Western strength must be faced courageously.

Not being military experts, the ministers reviewed the situation only in the broadest terms, but they realized that the idea of a collective system had to be accepted. It is not only in man-power that the Russians are strong. Their 1950 weapons are considered good. Russia ended the war with one of the best tanks, the T-34, and since the war has had the help of German technicians. In the air its progress has been even more impressive, its output today being the highest in the world. Even the Soviet navy must now be taken into consideration. The Russians' sharpest weapon, however—ignoring for the moment their probable acquisition of the A-bomb—is the army with its armored spearhead, and the Atlantic nations must continue to reckon with it as the chief threat to their defense.

The idea of a "pool" of French and German coal and steel production became the favorite topic of the council, in spite of the undiminished uneasiness over M. Schuman's proposal. One frequently heard echoes of the statement made by the rightist former Premier Flandin: "Through the proposed iron-and-steel pool defeated Germany gets exactly what it would have demanded from us if it had won. Why, therefore, did we fight?" Flandin's flirtations with Hitler in the Munich days of 1938 do not make him the best man to protest now, but his comment hit the nail on the head. Nevertheless, Schuman's proposal, though hedged with the recommendation to go slow, was placed on the agenda of the newly created permanent committee of deputies of the Foreign Ministers. Coordination of man-power, armaments, transportation, resources, and costs—this last under the assumption that America will pay most of the bill for the collective effort—sums up the results of the great London diplomatic fortnight.

In the distribution of efforts and means, of resources and commitments, among the twelve Atlantic nations, Secretary Acheson acted as managing director. Since the powerful head of the permanent committee will be an American—Eisenhower or another—it is inevitable that a new expression, "Atlantic Dictator," should enter the language of those who reject the whole idea of the cold war and still look with more hope to what may develop from Trygve Lie's visit to Moscow than to the decisions taken at London. But in London Dean Acheson showed no desire to be a dictator. On the contrary he was subtle and full of tact. He met no real opposition. Only Bevin could have stood up to him, but Bevin never likes to antagonize the Americans, and this time, alarmed by the Schuman proposal, he sided with Acheson on almost every point and supported those who prefer an Atlantic to a European community. Bevin, like others, was eager to "commit America, to have America firmly and definitively committed." But if the Western governments were good boys, accepting every American suggestion, the American government, on its part, abandoned the 1952 deadline at which its concern with European recovery was supposed to end. The United States appears to be committed internationally to long-term aid, economic as well as military, and this may prove the most important result of the conference.

In my opinion there is no longer any chance that the nations of Western Europe will combine in opposition to the American point of view if they think it mistaken. The dependence of Western governments on Washington is absolute. It is the only total thing in the total diplomacy of Dean Acheson. As for the people of Western Europe, that is quite a different story. Even after London, with its six decisions and two new bodies for coordinating defense, the people of Europe, unless Russia should provoke them with grave incidents and an aggressive policy—which I don't think likely—will not fight. I have said this before; I repeat it now.

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Israel: Church and State

BY PAUL BLANSHARD

Rome, May 16

TWO questions concerning Israel have been disturbing American liberals: Does Israel guarantee freedom and equality for its non-Jewish minorities? Is it becoming a clerical state? The first can be answered with a simple yes. I talked with representatives of almost every minority sect in the country—Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Armenians, Copts, Mohammedans, Scotch Presbyterians, and American evangelicals, and they all said that the new government gives its minorities complete freedom of worship and education.

The best test of the genuineness of religious freedom in Israel is the nation's treatment of its Moslem Arabs. In a sense the Arab war against Israel was a religious war. Arab Moslem troops sacked the Jewish quarter of the Old City, destroyed its twenty-eight synagogues, and desecrated its Jewish cemeteries. If ever troops had justification for vindictive acts, the Jewish troops did. But while there were some reprisals against Arab property, there were none against Arab religious institutions, and the mosques are still standing. The Ministry of Religion, in fact, is doing much to aid the religious practices of the 120,000 Moslems still in the country. It pays not only the salaries of workers at the mosques but the cost of the lighting and the religious water supply—good Mohammedans must wash their hands before praying. The government also pays for the schooling of 15,000 Arab children taught by Arabs in Arabic, and for the Mohammedan judges who administer the religious district courts. In anticipation of a final peace settlement, the government is preserving in a special trust account the so-called *wakf* funds, derived from the extensive property holdings of Moslem organizations.

The answer to the second question is less clear and depends partly on what is understood by "clerical state." There seems to be no danger that Israel will become a clerical state in the Roman Catholic sense, since Judaism has no pope, no centralized structure of power, and no political program for curtailing the jurisdiction of civil governments throughout the world. Israel does not meet the American criterion of separation between church and state, but according to European and Oriental standards it is simply giving the traditional place of honor to the Jewish faith. The persons who are most deeply grieved by the present survivals of theocratic practice are those liberal Jews who have become familiar with Western standards and who now regard education and all domestic relations as the field of neutral community action. They object to the extension of rabbinical power over marriage, divorce, and even education, which they consider within the sphere of state power.

Two problems are involved—the wisdom of certain restrictive religious traditions, and the state's right to apply those restrictions to the unorthodox. To nearly all non-Jews and probably to a majority of Jews some of the detailed regulations concerning diet and travel which the orthodox rabbis seek to impose on the whole community are little short of idiotic. The idiocy, to be sure, is of a familiar type—it is paralleled in some of our early American blue laws—but that does not make it any less surprising in a modern socialist state.

According to orthodox Jewish religious law no one may strike a match or ride a bicycle or turn on an electric light or operate an automobile or answer a telephone call or smoke a cigarette between sundown Friday and sundown Saturday. Some of the extreme orthodox communities in Palestine used to sit in the dark on Friday night rather than violate this rule. For years the few orthodox *kibbutzim*, or cooperative farms, never turned on their electricity between Friday and Saturday sundowns.

In an orthodox *kibbutz* south of Jaffa one of the recent settlers, young Mr. X of Brooklyn, told me how milking machines were finally introduced. Although liberal cooperatives all around were using them, the devout leaders of this *kibbutz* said it was against God's law to turn on the electricity for a milking machine on Friday night; and if they had to milk by hand on the Sabbath, they might as well on the other six days of the week. Then a wise and learned article contributed by an orthodox rabbi to a local religious magazine suggested indirectly that if the electricity for milking machines could be turned on and off by some extra-human agency, perhaps no sin would be involved in its use. After some discussion the leaders of the orthodox *kibbutz* finally evolved the following scheme. Before sundown on Friday the machines are connected with an electric clock which automatically turns on the electricity for five minutes, then off for one minute. The theory is that it is not a sin to attach the milking machine to the cow's udder during the minute that the electric current is off. So strong and intelligent-looking young Jewish farmers may be seen every Friday night dashing from cow to cow during the holy minute of respite from the

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sin of using fire. Thus the *kibbutz* can compete on equal terms with its liberal neighbors.

Electricity still flows through the wires on the Sabbath, and people are permitted to choose sin or convenience for themselves. Public buses, however, do not run on the Sabbath in any of the larger cities except Haifa, and average citizens who cannot afford sinful taxicabs stay home or walk. Of course, kosher rules for meat are universally applied, and pork is excluded from the country by administrative currency regulations.

MY OWN feeling about these narrow applications of religious dogma is that they are not to be taken too seriously, and that growing enlightenment will rapidly eliminate them. Many people here believe that only about 20 per cent of Israel's inhabitants actually accept the whole orthodox code, but this group exercises more than proportional influence, since it holds the balance of power in the Knesset. Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, a thoroughgoing liberal, is not to blame for this peculiar situation. His Labor Party, *Mapai*, captured only 46 of the 120 seats in the Knesset in the first election, and in order to control the government he was forced to make an alliance with either the orthodox bloc (16 seats), which upholds religious tradition, or the leftist *Mapam* (19 seats), which from time to time has taken a pro-Soviet line in foreign policy. The orthodox bloc seemed to be the safer bedfellow, but its cooperation is conditional on the maintenance of the present religious laws. With Arab armies still maneuvering on the other side of the barbed-wire boundary, many leaders of all parties wish to avoid a *Kulturkampf*, with its devastating effect on the nation's fighting spirit.

A minor religious crisis arose in March over how children in immigrant camps should be educated. The orthodox bloc in the Knesset demanded orthodox education for those children, and the Socialists and liberals opposed it hotly. Party lines were crossed, and personal animosities broke through the usual peace and dignity of the sessions, for many Socialists are genuinely religious and many orthodox are politically liberal. The Knesset finally accepted a compromise by a vote of sixty-two to fourteen: for the time being the Ministry of Education will administer the schools in the camps, but there will be orthodox religious instruction for orthodox children.

Israel still has no general public-school system. A compulsory-education law has been passed which by 1952 will bring all children from five to fourteen into the schools, but for the time being the nation is continuing, at the taxpayers' expense, four semi-private school systems which represent four trends in religious and cultural training—the Labor schools, which are neutral on religion and Socialist in politics; the general schools, which are also neutral on religion and have no Socialist emphasis; the *Mizrachi* schools, which are traditionally orthodox; and the *Agudah* schools, which are a little more extreme in their religious orthodoxy than the *Mizrachi* schools. The general schools have the most students, 42 per cent of the total; the Labor schools come next with 31 per cent; the *Mizrachi* schools third with 20 per cent; and the *Agudah* schools last with 6 per cent.

The Bible is the chief medium for the teaching of history and literature in all schools. The Socialists teach it as take-it-or-leave-it history; the orthodox as divine truth. The religious history of Israel crops up in almost every part of the curriculum because religion has been the cohesive force of Jewish existence. The line between Socialist and orthodox culture is by no means clear, since the orthodox groups maintain some *kibbutzim* that practice almost pure communism, and the Histadruth itself has started religious schools.

A concerted drive has begun, spreading across party lines, to discard the patchwork quadruple school system and build a unified national system. The liberal and orthodox antagonists are maneuvering for position. They believe that a major cultural battle is inevitable but, uncertain of their strength, do not seek an immediate decision. Undoubtedly the nation will ultimately set up a unified school system which will place considerable emphasis upon Jewish religious history and literature but not include the specific indoctrination that now characterizes both orthodox and Socialist schools.

MORE disturbing than Israel's confused educational structure is its system of religious courts, also a survival of Turkish and British rule. Israeli citizens still go for marriage, divorce, alimony, and the settlement of inheritances not to the nation's civil courts but to a rabbi, priest, or religious court. There are Jewish, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic, and Greek Orthodox courts, all operating under religious codes instead of the civil law. The nation still has no civil marriage or divorce, and unbelievers who want their children to be legitimate or their divorces to be valid must go to the religious officials of some recognized sect. Fortunately the Judaic law on divorce is far more liberal and honest than the divorce legislation of most American states.

There are, however, many defects in the religious laws on domestic relations which cannot be remedied until the Israeli government steps in and asserts the jurisdiction of a modern state in this field of conduct. Mixed marriages are almost impossible. Some rabbinical law is very bad law, and the principle behind it is even worse—namely, that citizens are bound in matters of marriage and divorce by a religious code on which they have never had the opportunity to vote. It is an unpleasant fact that the right to get a divorce in Israel depends on a man's religion. Roman Catholics cannot get a divorce because

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their priests deny them that right. Greek Orthodox husbands, but not Greek Orthodox wives, can get a divorce for adultery. A Jewish woman cannot initiate proceedings for a divorce. To terminate a Jewish marriage, the husband must give his wife a *get*, and if he refuses, the rabbis have to resort to a kind of ecclesiastical blackmail to accomplish the divorce while observing the letter of the law. They usually award the worthy wife such an outrageously high separation allowance that the husband screams for release. The rabbis cannot directly compel an unwilling spouse to grant a divorce, and sometimes the resultant "holy deadlock" is extremely painful.

Moslem practices of divorce are even more painful for Moslem women. In general a Moslem wife, after payment of a satisfactory price by the husband, has no way out of her marriage. Wives of fourteen are still bought occasionally by husbands of sixty; polygamy is permitted without a corresponding right of polyandry. The Moslem husband can divorce his wife irrevocably after three official declarations.

For Protestants who are citizens there is no divorce in Israel at all, not because the government would not permit divorce by Protestant clergymen but because no Protestant clergyman would venture to assume a function which he considers belongs to the state.

In the perspective of history all these anachronisms and anomalies will doubtless seem trifling barnacles upon a noble ship of state. One of these days the ship of state will put into calm waters, and the good liberals who form the majority of the crew will clean the barnacles off.

BESIDE THE POINT

A RECENT issue of *Film Daily* contains a two-page spread that touches us deeply in the pit of the stomach. A four-tone advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shows a nightie-clad little girl kneeling, eyes closed, before the bars of her crib. Superimposed on the photograph is one of those word balloons indicating that the tot, believe it or not, is saying: ". . . and God bless M-G-M!" There follows an affecting letter from "the Friendly Company" to little Vicki, winding up with a reciprocal prayer that she "may grow up happily in the security of Leo, the Friendly Lion," to which end "we pledge ourselves anew."

At first we thought it possible that Vicki's old man was holding down a fat M-G-M sinecure such as third groom to the Friendly Lion, in which case the child's prayer might have had its roots in grim economics. But not so. He doesn't even work there. A slightly less than spiritual postscript urges the little girl to "tell Dad that we've got a lot of fine pictures" in the offing. Then comes a listing which is going to keep little Vicki on her knees well into the night. ". . . and God bless M-G-M," she will be saying, "which has given us 'Black Hand,' 'The Big Hangover,' 'Devil's Doorway,' and 'The Skipper Surprised His Wife.'" And, we hope she adds, "Thank God, for letting Leo eat up all M-G-M's promotion staff."

*

OBITUARY

THE NICKEL, long the country's most popular coin, died in a New York telephone booth on May 10, after a prolonged illness. An acute debilitation, complicated by nostalgia and an extreme sense of uselessness, was given as the immediate cause of death.

Since World War II the Nickel had been living in relative seclusion, coming out of pockets only for an evening paper. But in its day it was one of the world's most effective units of currency, with a buying power that made it especially appealing to pleasure lovers, coffee-craving panhandlers, children, and New Yorkers. At the height of its popularity the Nickel was good for a hot dog, a beer, or the *Saturday Evening Post*; for an ice-cream cone or a box of Crackerjack; for a Sixth Avenue peep show or the Sunday *Times*, complete with rotogravure; for a chocolate bar or a twenty-mile subway ride from Times Square to Coney Island. Only a few years ago Pepsi-Cola promised "twice as much for a nickel too." And if the cigar the Nickel bought wasn't quite aromatic, neither did it poison the air ten feet away, in spite of Thomas Riley Marshall's querulous quip of thirty years ago.

Even before the war, however, the Nickel's health began to suffer from creeping inflation. In the early days of the depression F. P. A., paraphrasing Marshall, complained that "what this country needs is a good five-cent nickel." Almost without notice, the beer and the hot dog slipped away from the Nickel's grasp. But it was the war that really finished off the distinguished coin. First the candy-bar went, then the ice-cream cone, then the balloon at the Zoo. Pepsi-Cola slyly switched to "twice as much for *your money*, too," and raised the tariff to six or seven cents. Weakened as it was, the Nickel was unable to withstand the most telling blow of all, the loss of the subway ride. It lingered on in the shadows until last week, when the New York Telephone Company announced, in the soulless manner of corporations, that after this year it will no longer be possible even to raise Information with the Nickel.

Good only for making change, with no more prestige than the penny of the old days; living on only in the memory of the gilded Five-and-Tens, the Nickel has gone down the trail of the Indian and the buffalo that once gave it heads and tails. Burial will take place in the vaults of the New York Telephone Company. *Sic transit gloria money.*

R. B.

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Paul Robeson—Made in America

BY EARL SCHENCK MIERS

PAUL ROBESON graduated from Rutgers College in 1919. Faded photographs displayed at the thirtieth reunion of the class last June proved his popularity: he had been a member of the Student Council, the football team, the senior honorary society, and Phi Beta Kappa. One of Robeson's classmates, back for Commencement, scowled at the pictures: "To hell with the Commie! He doesn't belong to us any more. When we played football with Robey he was the right kind of nigger who knew his place."

Robeson has long been a source of pride to his Alma Mater as the Rutgers boy who made good on the concert stage, in musical comedy and legitimate drama, in films and radio. But in recent months indignant letters have reached the president demanding that Robeson's name be struck from the rolls of the college and that the one-time Negro hero be told to keep off the campus. These letters resulted in the carefully recorded but unpublicized decision that "the personal actions and statements of any Rutgers graduate did not come within the purview of the Rutgers Alumni Association and that no action should be taken."

Robeson's bewildered and half-angry classmates, when they try to explain why Robey apparently has betrayed them, advance two theories. One is that he was "spoiled" by his visits to Russia, where the people fawned upon him in a deliberate attempt to turn him against his American countrymen. The other is that his "downfall" began when English society women heaped adoration upon him. Certainly none of the accepted motivations of the disinherited who turn Communist seem to have been Robeson's. He has fame, wealth, a devoted family; and it is inconceivable that like Louis Budenz or Elizabeth Bentley his personality so badly needs discipline that he must embrace either the Communist Party or the Roman Catholic church. Apparently it has never occurred to Robeson's classmates that if he is a Communist he may be largely an American-made product for which they are partly responsible, that his political revolt, now so violently condemned as an attack upon the American form of government, is essentially a revolt against the complacency of a generation that has failed to understand much of the world around it.

Any appraisal of Robeson must begin with the fact that he represents both the exception to average human experience and its rule. His success as an artist has made him a citizen of the world and set him apart from the masses, both white and black. He has a remarkable mind and such a gift for languages that he mastered Russian and Chinese more easily than the typical student can stumble through a freshman course in French or Spanish. But the emotional Robeson, the man living within his heart, is not really different from other Americans who have sprung from a similar environment and experienced similar frustrations, and whose spirits show the results of day-by-day chafing in the scar tissue of lasting resentment. As a product of his times Robeson today is perhaps more all-American than he was as a member of his college football team.

ROBESON went to Rutgers from Somerville, New Jersey, but as a child he lived in Princeton, and there his personality received its first deep wounds. In the Princeton of more than thirty years ago—a Princeton which when Woodrow Wilson went to live there had scarcely recovered from its divided loyalties during the Civil War—a smart Negro was one who realized that his first obligation was to manifest a proper homage to white gentlemen. By the Princeton standards of that era Robeson soon exhibited the tendencies of a "mean nigger"; he couldn't quit the place soon enough.

The middle-class atmosphere of New Brunswick was more congenial. The students who went to Rutgers in 1915 were for the most part the sons of farmers and ministers and small-town doctors, lawyers, and bankers, in many instances the first of their families to attend college. They respected what they called the "ancient virtues," were loyal to their friends and their own codes of conduct, and distrusted experimentation. Their generation is the one that now largely controls government and business. Robeson was the only Negro on the Rutgers campus in 1915—and was the third Negro in an institution chartered in 1766. The fall he entered college the football team was in training at Eatontown preparing for a game with Princeton, and the report soon reached Coach Foster Sanford that the big Negro boy looked like the answer to prayer. A good half of Sandy's squad of thirty players rebelled; if Robeson came to Eatontown they were going home. Not until the players had been humbled by a ten-to-nothing defeat by Princeton was Robeson permitted to report for the team.

Even then a faction determined that he should be taught "his place." Today, looking back, Robeson's classmates will tell you it was all in the spirit of fun, the accepted thing to do. Maybe they roughed him up a little

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and smashed the fingers of one of his hands, but what the hell—they had to find out how much he could take, didn't they? A step toward making a potential Communist, American style? Rot!

"Yeah, I remember it," Robeson once said to me, and his smile grew tight-lipped.

Robeson also remembers about the college glee club. Tradition declares that he never made the glee club because he never tried, a partial truth. Glee-club concerts in those days were followed by dances, and Robeson understood the unwritten rules. There were other irritating episodes, including the college official who called out a cheery "hello" to every student except Robeson. But as his classmates point out, there were compensations—Robey tapped for the senior honorary society, twice named all-American by Walter Camp, a member of the Student Council, valedictorian of his class. What more did he want? No man will ever be more of an enigma to his classmates. In and out of college he attained every goal for which they have striven; what more *did* he want?

Katz

Paul Robeson

To add to the enigma, Robeson has often said, "I had a good time in college." Perhaps the key lies partly in the fact that an artist who can sing Ol' Man River into the folk music of America and project himself on the stage as Emperor Jones, John Henry, and Othello must live rather candidly with his naked heart; perhaps with a Robeson no heartbreak is ever quite stilled. At a university club in an up-state New York city Robeson, at the peak of his fame, was forced to ride in the freight elevator, a rule of the club; in Boston one rainy night Robeson, sick with cold and fatigue, was shunted from hotel to hotel, unwanted in the city of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips; in New York, Robeson, as a celebrity, was permitted to dine at a restaurant, but his son could not join him. All little things, to be sure, but added together they tell a story of how the seeds of communism may be sown in America.

DOES Robeson understand that he is a product of his generation and that in large part the world has passed him by? As a citizen of the world he has an outlook in no sense typical of that of the average American of his age. When he recalls the hand deliberately smashed in 1915, the rainy night searching for a hotel, he may well reflect that neither New Brunswick nor Boston represents, by what he has known, God's most sacred acres. In short, he sees local conditions in a larger perspective than do most men of his generation. Many younger people today, however, share his point of view, perhaps more than he suspects. Veterans of World War II returning to our campuses in the past few years have wrought a change that is but partly illustrated by the admission of a Negro to a national fraternity at Amherst, the choice of Levi Jackson as captain of the Yale football team, or the election of a Negro as president of the senior class at Robeson's own Alma Mater. As one veteran said to me, lie for two hours on a Sicilian hillside, horribly aware that your life may be ended any moment by a piece of steel hurled at you from miles away, and you come back with a sense of humility toward any creature that can walk and think and love and smile and shed tears. Perhaps this feeling explains why the letters demanding that Robeson's name be struck from the rolls of his college came from the older graduates and why a committee composed almost entirely of younger men decided that no action should be taken.

It would serve Robeson well to understand how America has grown up. Bucky Hatchett, the Negro football star who this year was the overwhelming choice at Rutgers for senior-class president, attends college dances as casually as any other student. Last year the Student Council instigated a thorough investigation of possibly discriminatory membership clauses in the constitutions of honorary societies and social fraternities. True, alumni advisers belonging to Robeson's generation were scandalized by this movement and muttered about Communist infiltration on our campuses, but no one took them seriously.

Robeson's tragedy is that he does not see that the age and the atmosphere which produced him have already lost much of their hold upon the future. Jackie Robinson, testifying before a Congressional committee, made the change clear. Any difference of opinion between Robeson and Robinson is basically not one between two prominent members of the Negro race or between men of conflicting ideologies; it is a difference in the philosophical attitudes of two generations. In the long run only Westbrook Pegler and his tribe will be unable to comprehend this distinction, but, then, about all Pegler has ever taught us is that no one perspires so profusely as the man beating a dead horse.

America's security can be little endangered by Robeson, no matter how violent his statements. As an artist he is a unique product of his time; as an emotionally impeded, intellectually confused American he is not. So he must carry on his struggle sustained by half-truths and scorned by those who should understand him best.

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DANGEROUS THOUGHTS

Zone of Silence

IN THE Pacific, near Vancouver Island, there is a haunted area of sea to which no sound from outside can penetrate. No foghorn or warning siren can be heard. It is an area of shipwreck and disaster, listed on charts as the Zone of Silence.

During the last three years millions of Americans have been drifting into a Zone of Silence: American radio, where ideas are choked off, voices throttled, artists blacklisted. There have been, of course, the headline cases, such as NBC's abrupt banning of Mrs. Roosevelt's TV show which was to have included Paul Robeson. Behind the scenes this sort of cringing is done a dozen times a week without leaking into the news.

An inquiry among ten leading radio writers elicited the following facts, among others, from their own experience.

Item: CBS censored reference to Jews and Palestine from a script on Displaced Persons. "Palestine is controversial."

Item: ABC rejected certain proposed United Nations programs on world health, education of backward areas, narcotics control, and so forth. The network recommended instead that the U. N. scripts deal with such subjects as "Soviet use of Chinese slave labor."

Item: A scene in Munich in which German police shot down D. P.'s protesting against publication of an anti-Semitic letter in a local paper was cut from a radio script on the ground that "you can't show anti-Semitism in the American zone unless you also show it in the Soviet zone."

Item: One writer was ordered to revise a scene in a diner. "You can't have a Negro giving orders to a white woman."

Item: CBS Studio One, dramatizing Turgenev's "Torrents of Spring," changed the scene to Oslo and gave the characters Norwegian names.

And so on, and on, and on, the fragments arranging themselves into a grim pattern. Civil-rights dramas *verboten*, characters with minority names *verboten*, news reflecting dubiously on American foreign policy *verboten*—the censor's pencil flashing without sound, the scissors clipping quietly, the silence coming down.

The liberal news commentators drop away—Shirer, Vandercook, St. John, Walsh, Stowe, and others. The incident which eventually led to the firing of Robert St. John was a news broadcast about a strike in which he dared to quote in equal parts from the corporation's public-relations counsel and the leader of the union.

Yet there is something taking place in radio that is more ruinous than simple censorship. Writers, directors, and performers are being actively blacklisted.

Item: After years of directing the "Gangbusters" show, Bill Sweets was fired for refusing to sign an advertising-agency "loyalty oath." He was a leading director, but the doors of every radio employment office are now slammed in his face.

Item: Dancer Paul Draper appeared on Ed Sullivan's Sunday night television show. Hearst papers exultantly announced a "storm of protest." A check of some thirty irate telephone calls revealed that most of them had come from two public booths in Queens, between the hours of ten and twelve Monday morning. Draper's spot was sliced out of the kinescope film version of the program. He cannot get work on television, and his night-club contracts have been canceled.

Item: A short time ago an international organization submitted a list of writers to ABC for a projected series "in the public interest." The list was shot back with the writers marked "tainted."

Item: Artie Shaw's band removed from a TV show.

The black list works with neat, standardized efficiency. First, a protest appears in *Counter-Attack*. This publication, edited by a couple of ex-FBI men, does a brisk business in back-alley gossip, second-hand slander, and wild accusation. A sort of slick-paper finger man, it has had to make half a dozen retractions under threat of legal action. Nevertheless, it continues to be required reading in the advertising agencies, network offices, and cocktail bars of the East Fifties, where radio producers drop in to grab a fast martini and settle a deal.

Advertising men are not, as a tribe, noted for bravery under fire. If the *Counter-Attack* article isn't enough to produce panic, it is promptly followed by letters of protest from the Catholic War Veterans and the American Legion. Then comes a mail campaign threatening boycott of the sponsor's product, the letters bearing curiously similar postmarks. The radio people know it's a planned device, but they have shown little desire to expose it.

The classic tenet was set up for American radio by Herbert Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce: "The ether is a public medium and its use must be for the public benefit. The dominant element for consideration in the radio field is, and always will be, the great body of the listening public, millions in number, country-wide in distribution."

There are increasing signs that radio has forsaken the welfare of its millions of listeners and is in headlong flight before sinister pressure groups. Here and there a broadcasting executive allows himself to glimpse the tragic truth that fear breeds fear, that silence is a contagion, that a black list does not bring safety but only a longer black list. But the disturbed and honest men are isolated, and they have not yet begun to fight back.

The Zone of Silence is steadily being extended. Writers, artists, commentators are picked off quietly. And this will go on until the radio listener becomes aware of the gathering silence and sends up a shout of protest to shatter the graveyard air of the networks.

THE OBSERVER

Coming Soon in *The Nation*

The Left Bank of the Yarkon

A report on the "progressive" movement in literature and other cultural tides in Israel today

BY ARTHUR HERTZBERG

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Berlin at the Crater's Edge

BY CAROLUS

Berlin, May 16

THE Bonn Parliament recently engaged in a characteristic debate over Berlin. In contrast to West Germany, Berlin is largely Protestant and Social Democratic. It is therefore the darling of the Social Democratic opposition. The government of Chancellor Adenauer, who is a Catholic burgher first and a German statesman second, feels less warmly about the former capital. Ostensibly it stands by Berlin, but there is no heart in its support. So far it has left the defense of the western part of the city against the Russians to the Berliners themselves and the United States.

In the recent debate the Social Democrats, as often before, asked for aid for Berlin and proposed that the West German central government and ministries be moved from the Rhine to the Spree. Various government spokesmen offered threadbare objections based on technical administrative difficulties, but one let slip, "In Berlin we should be sitting on a keg of gunpowder." Whereupon a Social Democratic deputy replied, "All West Germany is sitting on a powder keg, for if Berlin falls, the Federal Republic falls."

And that is the truth. Berlin is the German problem in miniature. Like the former Reich this de jure but not de facto independent city-state is split into two unequal halves. The smaller eastern part, with a million and a half inhabitants, is under the heel of the Russian occupation troops. The two and a half million people of the western part are protected by the tanks and machine-guns of the Allies. In West Berlin the freely elected municipal government is 64 per cent Social Democratic, and the mayor is a Social Democrat, Professor Ernst Reuter. In East Berlin the Social Democratic Party is banned, and the government is run by the Communists. The mayor is Fritz Ebert, Communist son of the famous Social Democrat of that name, the first President of the Weimar Republic. Both Reuter and Ebert claim to be the rightful mayor of the whole city, and each calls the other the steward of a foreign power—"Stalin's lackey," "Marshall Plan slave" are shouted back and forth.

Through the middle of Berlin runs the East-West battle line. West Berlin is the "front," West Germany the rear; and that sums up the difference between them. West Germany is politically, economically, and spiritually demoralized. The poverty-stricken masses are unscrupulously exploited by a small but insatiably greedy ruling class, which channels the widespread discontent into hatred for the Western powers, nationalism, and neo-fascism, with their evil by-products.

But at the front, in West Berlin, a "little war" is always going on, and life in the trenches is harsh; the drumfire of propaganda and rumors never stops; the threat of D-day hangs over the city like a sword. The imminence of invasion clearly depends on the general tension between East and West; nobody knows whether it will come or when. This common experience of being in the front line unites occupation officials and civil population, arouses the best energies of everyone. For that reason the air in Berlin is as exhilarating as it is heavy and stifling at the rear.

Living conditions in West Germany are paradise compared with those in Berlin. Bomb craters and rubble heaps still give to Berlin streets the look of a landscape on the moon. Not nearly as much restoration has been done as in West German cities. The bright lights on the Kurfürstendamm, the bars, movie theaters, coffee-houses, and restaurants, are a tinsel curtain hiding suffering and need. Three hundred thousand persons are jobless, and many more work only part time. Of every hundred employables eighty-six are on relief. Most workers receive the minimum wage, which averages 120 marks, or $26, a month. The city has to pay the rent of thousands of families. The death rate is nearly three times as high as in West Germany. The proceeds of the tax on earnings dropped last year from 360,000,000 marks to 110,000,000; of the sales tax from 238,000,000 to 125,000,000; of the beer tax from 72,000,000 to 11,000,000. Twenty-three women were arrested for murder in 1949. In appearance the Berliners seem almost like a different and inferior race, but their moral courage, endurance, self-reliance, and political intelligence are superb.

There are no traffic barriers between the two parts of the city. The crowds flow back and forth. Workers and clerks from East Berlin marvel at the unrationed food and clothing and shoes they could buy in the western sector if they had enough money. The people in East Berlin, it is true, are spared the scourge of unemployment, but their Ostmark is worth only from one-fifth to one-seventh as much as the Westmark. If Herr Schulze from West Berlin crosses into the eastern sector and changes his money in the black market he has seven times as much in his pocket as his colleague Müller of East Berlin, but he can make no purchases because everything is rationed. Articles obtainable in the govern-

CAROLUS is the pseudonym of a West German liberal who is active in labor and political affairs.

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ment "free-sale" shops are many times dearer than the same things in West Berlin, in spite of the exchange rate. However, if Schulze wants to see a play he goes to East Berlin. The performance will be excellent and the price of a ticket low. Or if he needs a haircut, or to get a bicycle tire patched, or a kettle mended, he goes to the eastern sector. In consequence, West Berlin's theaters are bankrupt, and craftsmen of all kinds are starving.

OF COURSE smugglers, black marketeers, and other people with means know how to profit from these conditions. Berlin is the center of a flourishing undercover trade in raw materials and goods between eastern and western Germany. Millions are made from this trade in West Germany, while the West Berlin economy is bled white. However much business men and industrialists may hate communism, however strong the nationalism of the middle classes, their feelings do not keep them from trading with the Reds if they see a chance to make money. As long as wages in East Berlin are only a tenth as high as in West Berlin, material will be sent there to be made into clothing no matter how many West Berlin garment workers are on relief. Patriotism stops at the pocket-book.

A man in East Berlin has a job but stands with empty pockets in front of empty shops. A man in West Berlin is jobless and stands with empty pockets in front of full shops. One seems as badly off as the other. There is, however, a real difference in their lot. The West Berliner has political liberty, and the East Berliner hasn't. That is why there are so few German Communists in either sector. Russia's own acts have prevented the party from winning the support of the Berlin population. The blockade, with its attempt to starve two and a half million people, the ruthless Communist dictatorship, the cruelties of the concentration camps have opened a chasm between Russia and the German workers that cannot be bridged without violence. Herein is the explanation of West Berlin's indomitable stand.

Will the assault on the fortress start on May 28, when the Communists plan to send three hundred thousand members of their East German youth organizations into the western sector with banners and music? Or will this be only an incident in the war of nerves? The general situation does not indicate an all-out offensive, but the troops of the Western powers have been reinforced, and their commanders are poring over street maps and marking the strategic points for tanks and machine-guns. The bodies of a few young men who died as they marched singing into the western zone would be a godsend to the Communists. So there may be a method in this madness.

Whatever happens at Whitsuntide, both sides will rejoice in what they call a victory. Did the world ever before dance so frivolously on a volcano?

SCIENCE NOTEBOOK

BY LEONARD ENGEL

A FORTNIGHT after the Atomic Energy Commission postponed indefinitely its project for an experimental atomic-power plant near Schenectady, it announced a new assignment for General Electric. Instead of a pilot atomic-age utility, G. E. will build an atomic engine for submarines. A generally similar submarine engine is already under development by Westinghouse; the A. E. C. says an alternative engine design is needed. One wonders whether this is the whole truth. Or has a consolation prize been awarded to a favored contractor?

I raise the question because a second submarine engine will not make an essential contribution to American security and because the Atomic Energy Commission has a contracting system that invites abuses. There may have been no serious irregularities so far in the A. E. C.'s administration of the vast sums allotted to it, but the future is another matter. The annual budget of the commission approaches $800,000,000, of which all but perhaps $25,000,000 used to pay 6,500 employees goes into contracts. Contracts accounting for more than two-thirds of the total are based on direct negotiation with selected firms rather than on competitive bidding. No government has ever succeeded in keeping negotiated contracts free of abuses, especially when secrecy regulations severely limit the public view of what is going on.

The Atomic Energy Act gives the commission authority to negotiate contracts directly if the national defense requires it or if advertising for bids is not "reasonably practical." The bulk of the A. E. C.'s activities seem to fit under one or the other of these provisions. Contracts are negotiated directly for the construction and operation of the great plants at Oak Ridge, Hanford, and Los Alamos, for the purchase of secret equipment and of equipment and supplies made by only one or two manufacturers, for work for which accurate cost estimates cannot be made in advance, for all construction-design work (so-called architect-engineer contracts) for the commission's hundreds of plants and laboratories, for management of its own laboratories, such as Brookhaven, and for research in university and industrial laboratories.

Excellent justification can be found for direct negotiation of individual contracts in each of these categories. The management of Hanford or Oak Ridge, for example, can hardly be turned over to a new low bidder each year. In other cases advertising for bids would conflict with the McMahon act's secrecy requirements or delay vital projects by a year to eighteen months, as the A. E. C. pointed out in response to a Congressional inquiry concerning a $103,000,000 negotiated construction contract. Collectively, though, the placement of so many contracts by negotiation constitutes a a serious threat. The A. E. C. calls repeatedly on General Electric, Union Carbide and Carbon, and a few other firms for its larger projects, usually on the ground that prior experience gives them superior qualifications for the particular job in hand. Over the years this is bound to lead to monopoly, favoritism, and cruder abuses.

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MAN BITES DOG

BY JERRY TALLMER

Rogge in the Soviet Press

EVER since the appearance of Harrison Salisbury's colorful Moscow cable in the New York *Times* of March 9 telling how O. John Rogge, delegate to the World Congress of Partisans for Peace, had on the previous afternoon stood up "in the great white marble and gold St. George's Hall of the Kremlin" and "quoted Thomas Jefferson to a distinguished Soviet audience," I have been wondering how Mr. Rogge's bold one-man attempt to start a thaw in the cold war was handled by the Russian press. A good many American papers followed Mr. Rogge's recent tour to Moscow, Stockholm, and Belgrade with more than average interest—the *Times,* for instance, stuck eight inches of Salisbury's dispatch on the front page under a two-column head and gave it a ten-inch jump inside.

Well, the *Current Digest of the Soviet Press* now has supplied the answer to my question. The *Current Digest,* as I have noted in these pages before, is a weekly publication of the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies which presents in English translation, without comment, nearly everything important printed in Russian newspapers and magazines during an earlier week. On two pages of the *Current Digest* of April 29 you can find what the Soviet press said about the Rogge visit.

There were a handful of brief stories on March 6, 7, and 8 announcing the arrival of delegates to the W. C. P. P., and a slightly longer piece from both *Pravda* and *Izvestia* of March 8 on the opening session, citing, in the last sentence Rogge's arrival in Moscow. On March 8 Rogge spoke in the Kremlin—the first foreigner ever to address the Supreme Soviet. On March 9 *Pravda* and *Izvestia* printed a 1,600-word article with the headline: "Press Conference of Delegation of Permanent Committee of World Congress of Partisans for Peace." It began: "A press conference given by the delegation of the Permanent Committee of the W. C. P. P. . . . was held March 8 in Moscow in the Central Clubhouse of Journalists. . . . In opening the conference A. A. Surkov reported that the delegation had been received March 8 at 3 p. m. in the Great Kremlin Palace by the chairmen of both chambers of the U. S. S. R. Supreme Soviet . . . to whom it presented a message from the Permanent Committee. . . . After Surkov's introductory speech delegation members replied to numerous questions. . . ."

The editors of the *Current Digest* assure me, after a painstaking recheck, that for three days this constituted the only mention, anywhere in the Russian press, of what Johannes Steel had described in the New York *Daily Compass* as "one of the most extraordinary scenes ever to take place in the Soviet Parliament."

Five paragraphs from the end of the *Pravda-Izvestia* report of the press conference, Rogge enters in this way:

> One of the correspondents asked Mr. Rogge for his opinion on the civil-liberties issue. Rogge declared that in certain respects he is not in agreement with what [two other delegates, one of them Rockwell Kent] had said. He expressed the opinion that although many civil rights have been liquidated in the United States in recent years, certain liberties remain.

Then follows this bit of interpretative journalism:

> Rogge *tried to* place the responsibility for the present situation in relations between the United States and the U. S. S. R. in equal measure on both countries, *losing sight of the fact that it was the United States alone which unleashed the so-called "cold war."*
>
> Rogge said that in his opinion the . . . State Department made a mistake when it refused to issue entry visas to members of the Permanent Committee [the group which included Picasso] . . . . Rogge *admitted* also that the recent trial staged against the leaders of the American Communist Party was a gross violation of civil liberties. [All italics mine.]

And that was that, except for one other paragraph carried in all papers covering the press conference except *Pravda,* the official organ of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It read:

> In response to a question on prospects of the growth of political influence of the Progressive Party in the United States, Rogge pointed out that the Democratic and Republican parties essentially follow one and the same policy, and that therefore it is imperative to have another party "uniting all forces left of center," at the head of which, in Rogge's view, should stand "progressive elements of a non-Communist nature."

Intermission now until March 12, when *Izvestia* carries a 2,400-word article by S. Gerasimov on The Struggle for Peace. After attacking the "shrill" and "reactionary" American press, Gerasimov offers as a contrast the "free and natural" messages delivered to the Supreme Soviet by W. C. P. P. delegates. But suddenly Gerasimov comes to Rogge's remarks—and abandons his demonstration. He takes particular offense at Rogge's declaration that "mountains of fear . . . divide the American and Soviet peoples." Not so, says Gerasimov: "We do not accept the idea that many millions of the American people . . . accept all these ludicrous, absurd fabrications [about "Soviet aggression"] so unreservedly. . . . We think the masses of the American working people do not see these 'mountains of fear.'" As for his own country, "Soviet people have already proved repeatedly in deeds that fear is a feeling little known among them." Etc., etc. So much for Rogge, so much for fear. And exit Rogge from the Russian press, which, I suppose I need hardly add, has not troubled to comment on his post-Moscow efforts to "patch up" the little cold war between Stalin and Tito.

P.S. Perhaps to compensate for dropping Rogge out of the news, *Tass* printed an item from Paris on March 28 quoting some rantings of Colonel Robert R. McCormick against the "corrupt" Marshall Plan. Does this make the Colonel a fellow-traveler?

P.P.S. The *Current Digest* for May 6, just arrived, reveals that Soviet intellectuals have recently taken up Robert Burns as "not only Scotland's greatest poet" but the "comrade in arms" of all "fighters for peace and democracy."

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BOOKS and the ARTS

LIBERALISM, HISTORY, AND MR. TRILLING

BY IRVING HOWE

LIONEL TRILLING'S new book of essays, "The Liberal Imagination" (Viking, $3.50), has as its central purpose a criticism of the liberal mind "as it drifts toward a denial of the emotions and the imagination." Trilling's indictment charges this mind with an emotional shallowness that often reduces life to a problem in ameliorative legislation, a drab rationalism indifferent to the possible varieties of experience, an unevaluative obsession with measurement and "quantification" that passes as science, a feeling that poetry, while possibly laudable, is ultimately frivolous and that such writers as Dreiser apprehend a basic "reality" that is unavailable to, say, Henry James.

Trilling relates this liberal shallowness to an excessive dependence on the "moral passions" that accompany ideology. He warns that "moral passions" can be even more wilful and restrictive than the "self-seeking passions," and that while it is right to act against social injustice, such action does not settle all moral problems but raises difficult new ones. Though I cavil at Trilling's pejorative use of the term "ideology," I must, as a writer more deeply involved in ideology than he, assent to his warning; his essays, I have found, do help prevent intellectual calcification. But I would also suggest that perhaps the time has come to stand his warning on its head, to urge that while a concern with moral problems is right in itself, it is no adequate substitute for an *active* moral passion against social injustice. Has, in fact, the past decade of American intellectual life been conspicuous for "moral passion"? My impression is that recent American liberalism has been tainted by opportunist self-compromise, which a writer inclined to harshness might even connect with the "self-seeking passions," and that much of the imaginative barrenness Trilling rightly finds in liberalism has been due less to intransigent commitment than to the shabbiness of what that commitment has become.

Yet my quarrel is not with Trilling's description of the liberal mind, which seems to me very keen, but with what I think is his failure adequately to place that description in history. What has liberalism meant to the Western world? First, a code of intellectual tolerance and freedom. Second, the Enlightenment—the life of reason, secularism, confidence in man's power to shape his fate. Third, a political doctrine that, with whatever ameliorative qualifications, has meant the support of capitalism. Now in the first sense we all presumably wish to be liberal; in the second we all should; but when we reach the third at least a few of us get off the train.

Once, however, we recognize this specific political component of liberalism, which Trilling does not quite do in his essays, we must also grant that its fate is intimately related to the condition of society. Liberalism, Trilling writes, "has not been able to produce a literature which can strongly engage our emotions." This is true—*but it has not always been true*. Stendhal, Dickens, Turgenev, Byron, Wordsworth in by no means his worst days—these are writers who do engage our emotions and, in various ways, were animated by liberalism. When political liberalism seemed a creative force, as indeed it once was, it could "produce" a rich literature. Of course even at its height liberalism aroused anxiety among these writers, largely because they could already see the contradiction between its larger claims and immediate usages. Had liberalism been more successful in solving the problems of society, poets would have been less prone to find it lacking in tragic depth.

Trilling, however, does not believe the separation between liberalism and literature to be caused by the weakness of liberal ideas in themselves. He finds the cause in the liberal's habit of conceiving "ideas to be pellets of intellection . . . precise and completed, and defined by their coherence and their procedural recommendations." An active literature, he suggests, will again be possible only when ideas are treated as "living things, inescapably connected with our will and desires," and recognized as susceptible to change and corruption. I must confess that after his powerful indictment of the liberal mind Trilling's corrective seems to me weak. Except for the word "completed" there is nothing in the first attitude toward ideas that is undesirable or incompatible with the second one, for surely to define ideas precisely is not to impede a recognition that they may also become corrupted. And I would question whether liberalism at its creative apogee treated ideas any less in the manner Trilling deplores than in the one he approves.

That the decline of the liberal imagination must be seen as closely related to parallel declines of political liberalism and capitalist society seems to me the essence of the problem. Liberalism is today unable to face social reality with that desperate and bold vision the facts require; it concerns itself with trifles pantingly accumulated because it fails to acknowledge the collapse of its entire structure; and such a world view is not likely to attract imaginative writers who, whatever their limitations as systematic thinkers, can recognize a ruin when they see one. Trilling's attempt to reinvigorate the liberal imagination from within the liberal orbit therefore seems to me without historical basis or urgency and excessively dependent on that mere will whose dangers he has so often observed.

A secondary difficulty in his approach to liberalism is that in his criticism he sometimes substitutes for a total literary judgment an overvaluation of those moral *aperçus* that might reconcile liberalism with the imagination. In essays on Dreiser and Anderson he accurately points to the stupidity of the one and the sentimentality of the other but out of impatience with their minds neglects their specifically literary achievements. With some asperity he remarks that the defenders of Dreiser always praise his power but fail to specify its kind. The answer is easily available: Dreiser's power is in dramatic representation, in rendering concretely Drouet's flirtation

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with Sister Carrie and Hurstwood's disintegration, and that power exists despite the frequent callowness of his own mind.

I have given so much of my space to Trilling as ideologue because in that capacity he so engages one's attention, but it would be a rank injustice not to say a few words about his literary essays, well known though they are. Remarkably diversified in subject matter, they are yet bound together by the fact that all derive from an active and lambent mind. Two of the essays seem to me perfect of their kind. A short essay on "Huck Finn" completely evokes the meaning and spirit of the book, is itself a beautiful piece of prose, and moves to the highest level available to criticism—that state of cultivated rapport between critic and reader which transcends a mere exchange of opinion because it is something better, a sharing of tastes. And the long essay on "The Princess Casamassima" is a remarkable piece of virtuosity in which several critical "approaches" are effortlessly employed but all subsumed under Trilling's individual voice. One here feels that criticism comes not from a metaphor-chopping machine but from a deeply concerned human mind.

The two essays on Freud and Literature and Art and Neurosis are compelling statements, though the latter seems to me marred by Trilling's failure to acknowledge the role of social "alienation" in shaping the artist's psychic condition. And in the book's last three essays, generalized discussions of the modern novel, it is highly pleasing to find Trilling insisting that ideas, far from being unassimilable in the novel, are often essential to it; that there is no large gap between elemental emotion and sophisticated thought but that on the contrary power of thought is usually a condition for depth of feeling; and that the most fruitful possibility for the novel in the coming years will be in the sort of minute examination of conflicts between ideological groups that it once made of the conflicts between social classes.

Unlike a good many critics of our day Trilling writes with a high regard for the possibilities of the English language, for the dramatic gesture an essay may become, and for the sheer pleasure discussion of literature can bring. At one point he remarks that intellectual assent is not the same as agreement, and that we can respond "to the power or grace of a mind without admitting the rightness of its intention or conclusion." There are many places in Trilling's book where one finds the pleasure of agreement, but I take it as the particular value of his essays that the pleasure is no less when one's response is assent.

IRVING HOWE

The BBC as Monopoly

BRITISH BROADCASTING: A STUDY IN MONOPOLY. By R. H. Coase. Harvard University Press. $2.75.

HERE in the United States radio's claim to listeners' loyalty is being challenged by television's advent; in deed, there are prophets of doom who say that, as a medium already obsolescent, it is destined for the technological scrap heap.

In Canada a Royal Commission has under review the claim that the dual system of broadcasting—part commercial, part public service—that obtains there requires radical revision. The future of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which controls all network operations and enjoys in addition regulatory powers that far exceed those of the Federal Communications Commission, hangs in the balance.

In Britain the charter of the British Broadcasting Corporation expires in 1951. A committee of inquiry of which Lord Beveridge is chairman is currently considering whether it should be renewed or whether the BBC should be replaced by some alternative system of broadcasting. To the consternation of many, the deliberations of the Beveridge committee—on a subject of patent interest to every Britisher—are being conducted *in camera,* engendering the suspicion that open criticism of a now time-honored institution is not welcome.

But in Britain, as here and in Canada, public criticism and discussion of radio go on. Few seem concerned to introduce our system of financing radio out of advertising revenue, but a growing body of opinion, while conceding the splendid services rendered by the BBC, questions the propriety or the necessity of its continued existence as a monopoly and suggests the desirability of scope for enterprise by others and of introducing the stimulus of competition.

Solid support for this point of view is provided in this volume by a member of the staff of the London School of Economics. For the American reader the book has a twofold interest. It disposes of a misunderstanding, for years sedulously fostered here by the radio industry, that British broadcasting is run by the government and so must be condemned. Mr. Coase quotes chapter and verse to show that at the outset government operation of radio was rejected in Britain as unthinkable and undesirable. He quotes the opinion of the Sykes committee (appointed in 1923) that "a government department . . . would be constantly open to suspicion that it was using its unique opportunities to advance the interests of the political party in power; and in the endeavor to avoid anything in the slightest degree controversial it would probably succeed in making its service intolerably dull."

The main interest of the book, however, lies in its analysis of the monopoly aspects of British broadcasting. Here is a fascinating case study of the monopolist mentality, its tendency to self-perpetuation and its capacity for ingenious rationalization. A broadcasting monopoly was justified in Britain as being the "only" means of effectively using the limited wave-lengths available and the "only" way to develop a program policy that would cater, with even-handed justice, to listeners' multifarious interests. Mr. Coase shows conclusively that a monopoly was not in fact necessary for the achievement of either of these goals. Its origin and its consolidation in British broadcasting were due, he says, to the combined influence of Lord Reith, the corporation's first director general, the Post Office, and the British press, which feared the introduction of advertising in a powerful rival medium.

But, he adds, "this support for the monopoly also reflects the spirit of the age. According to our temperament, we welcome or acquiesce in the extension of central planning, even, it would appear, when it relates to a source of

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news and opinion. A monopoly is still regarded with disquiet; but only if it is a private monopoly. A monopoly held by a public authority, as in the case of British broadcasting, is considered to be free from the vices of private monopolies and to possess virtues of its own."

It is in this broader context of centralized planning in the public interest that Mr. Coase's discussion of the virtues and defects of private and public monopolies assumes an interest and importance that transcend his specific theme—the British radio. His study bears directly on our own domestic problems as these stem from the growth of monopoly capitalism. His cool and patient probing of the facts is a salutary reminder that our thinking on the subject of monopoly is too often clouded by emotion and by the assertion of dogmas whose real validity we have not examined. C. A. SIEPMANN

Cultura Brasileira

BRAZILIAN CULTURE. An Introduction to the Study of Culture in Brazil. By Fernando de Azevedo. Translated by William Rex Crawford. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

THIS huge volume (10½ x 7½ x 2 inches; 562 pages; 418 plates; 4½ pounds) is more than an essay or treatise. Replete with notes, documentation, and bibliographies, it forms a virtual encyclopedia of Brazilian life and history, the most exhaustive yet made available to American readers. Its first value is that of a book of reference, its elaborate indexes making its contents useful to the general reader apart from a consecutive reading. Under three general divisions—The Factors of Culture, Culture, and The Transmission of Culture—Professor de Azevedo of São Paulo has organized fifteen chapters that begin with an inventory of land and race, social institutions, developments of urban life, ethnic and political evolution, continue through accounts of religious institutions, intellectual life, literature, science, and art, and conclude with an assessment of educational history, institutions, reforms, and the situation they face today.

The general problem of the study, as with most investigations coming from a country in which nationalistic self-determination is still urgent and the gap between theory or idealism and the force of fact and circumstance remains far from successfully bridged, is to bring the native or inherited resources of the Brazilian people to effective terms with modern social and economic necessity. This problem, endemic to Latin American countries, is here tackled from the angle of education. Dr. de Azevedo, having spent his life in Brazilian education and sociological study, is fully aware of the heroic efforts of some of his countrymen during the past century; he is patriotically proud of effort, progress, and serious advancement; but he also knows the dangers of excessive commercial and technological exploitation, the deterrents of abstract theory and complacency, the lopsidedness of approach in the specialized professions and industries, and the risks of imitating and importing foreign models that prove, morally and practically, unworkable in the complex of Brazilian life. He therefore addresses himself chiefly to the professions, liberal, scientific, and cultural, more than to administrators, governors, or specialists; the program he envisages is broadly and humanely cultural; the instrument he calls for is a sound and enlightened educational policy; the "incessant effort" he solicits is an effort "toward oneness," toward rejecting any "doctrine which pays no attention to one half of man, or which, exaggerating the technical aspect of civilization, stimulates old gregarious instincts and prepares hordes of mechanized barbarians."

His survey of the Brazilian past is designed to put that effort on a basis of sound respect for the noble or vital elements in Brazilian tradition; his program for the future calls for a serious critical respect of foreign models, of liberal thought and professionalism, for an integration of economic and social with intellectual and artistic life, and for the harmony of scientific with "aesthetic culture." He stands in the tradition of such compatriots as Pedro Segundo, Ruy Barbosa, José Bonifácio, Silvio Romero, Machado de Assis, and Gilberto Freyre. His book brings to something of a climax, and largely subsumes, the other works on Brazilian culture that have appeared in the United States in the past decade—Preston James's "Brazil," T. Lynn Smith's "Brazil: People and Institutions," Morris L. Cook's "Brazil on the March," Vera Kelsey's "Seven Keys to Brazil," Freyre's "Brazil: An Interpretation" and "The Masters and the Slaves," and the literary records of Erico Verissimo and Samuel Putnam ("Marvelous Journey"). Its fine illustrations alone make an impressive album. It is a monument of exhaustive detail, organization, and adroit perspective, by all odds one of the most distinguished treatises on the growth, character, and prospects of a Latin American nation that have yet appeared. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Malraux on Art

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Vol. I, Museum Without Walls. Vol. II, The Creative Act. Pantheon Books. $25.

EVERY page of this magnificent work gives evidence of a profound mind nourished by a rich sensibility. Malraux's train of thought is not encumbered by the apparatus of scholarship; yet it is solidly grounded in scholarship, despite a few minor errors of detail. At once liberated and informed, it plays over the vast range of art history with dazzling brilliance.

The jacket claims for this work "a new concept of art and creative activity." The concepts which Malraux presents are really very old, but they are restated freshly and vividly and with reference to contemporary ideas. It is not new to hear that the artist is a man endowed with sublime imagination, that he is a man of destiny, that he is (as an artist) a free man, that he shapes history rather than passively mirrors it, that he is above all an inventor of visual forms. But I do not recall a more eloquent statement of the position of contemporary man in the face of the problems of art. And it is reassuring to find so original a mind returning to an old theme: that despite the vicissitudes of history, the creative act is essentially the same, in the Greeks as in Cézanne and Picasso.

As far as the apparent organization of his book is concerned, Malraux seems as perverse as he is brilliant. The chapters have no titles and their subdivisions are merely numbered, though each develops at some length a varia-

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tion on the main theme. There is no index for this labyrinth of illuminating intuitions. The only way one could look anything up would be on the off-chance of finding it near one of the two hundred illustrations, for which there are paginated lists at the beginning of each volume. In a structure so formless in appearance, one easily gets lost. One wonders if the structure really exists. One would like to be able to get at all the references to a specific artist in order to study the composite picture.

It seemed senseless to this reviewer, however, to read these two volumes merely to discover minor ambiguities, because it soon became clear that they contain some of the most distinguished discussions of art ever written. These pages are addressed to adult minds with an extensive knowledge of art and the history of art. The intelligent reader who cannot supply that special acquaintance can, of course, learn much from them, particularly if he starts with Part III of the second volume, "The Creative Act," before reading "Museum Without Walls"; but the extraordinary accuracy of Malraux's insight will probably not emerge to the reader who is not well versed in the arts. For Malraux is too good a critic to use works of art in order to demonstrate ideas arrived at independently. Any sympathetic reader will note that the experience of the work preceded Malraux's idea about its relation to other works.

As the over-all title, "The Psychology of Art," is rather misleading (it appears on the spines of the two volumes, but on the title pages it is not the main title), I shall comment on each volume separately.

The museum as such is a very modern phenomenon, and its growth has been accompanied by the rapid development of photography. As a result the museum really has no walls, because it instantly implies other museums, works of art everywhere, all monographs, all knowledge of art—that is, to a cultivated mind like Malraux's. Before the time of museums, art was, so to speak, walled up in its own culture. Today, the museum—usually all too mural itself—has breached those walls. More important still, it has torn down the walls of humanistic culture, within which men have lived more or less contentedly since the Renaissance. Spurred by modern artists, it has brought other worlds into focus. But artists took the lead: "they combed every region of the world except their own. They realized how false it had become, that bygone concept of man in harmony with himself, and the styles they revived, like their own works, seemed to converge on the vulnerable points of the culture that penned them in."

Modern art is dominated, Malraux thinks, by a sense of the immanence of evil. Hence its concern with those earlier cultures which were plagued by their own devils. "The devil lurks behind all arts of immobility . . . and almost always Satan paints in two dimensions. Most of the works in which we can trace his hand have come back to life today."

Baroque art feeds on illusion. Modern art is its exact antithesis, and the chief modern resurrections in painting (including painting of the Baroque period) are strongly anti-Baroque: Giotto, Piero della Francesca, El Greco, Georges de la Tour, Vermeer. "El Greco's whole effort was directed to preserving the restless movement of the Baroque line while suppressing that which had given rise to it: the quest of depth." Vermeer's Head of a Young Girl is juxtaposed, in a flash of insight, to a head from the Olympia pediments. All these masters share in a "discreet yet sweeping simplification (the same as those which gave Cézanne his eminence and brought about the Bach revival)."

Both illusion and anecdote, which are at the heart of Baroque art, are foreign to the frame of reference of modern art. Malraux is, however, too wise to jump to merely logical conclusions. Baroque art, he admits, is by no means dead. In the first place, modern art and discoveries such as Malraux's concern "only the few hundred thousand people in the world accessible to the language of art." For most of the rest, Baroque has had a spectacular resurrection in a proper medium: the movies. Malraux, who made a fine picture from his own "L'Espoir," thinks of the movies in these terms:

> The only art form that has reached the masses is the anecdote's last purveyor (all powerful in the two countries which have taken over the tradition of Western optimism: the United States of America and Soviet Russia) . . . the cinema.

Omitting discussion of Russia as either Western or optimistic, I should nevertheless like to point out that this is one of the very few statements in either volume with any political overtone whatever. While Malraux's opinion of popular taste is one hardly fashionable in a democracy, I recommend it as an antidote to the mental paralysis involved in deciding questions of art by public referendum.

One other possibly political reference, ambiguous even in its non-political context (page 131), perplexes me: "By contrast with the nineteenth, our century stands for a Renaissance of Destiny." Perhaps it should be linked with Malraux's view of the artist, which occasionally suggests the Superman, even when the presentation is spiced by wit:

> Art has its impotents and its impostors —if fewer than in the field of love. As in the case of love, its nature is often confused with the pleasure it can give us; but, like love, it is not a pleasure but a passion, and implies a break-away from the world's values, in favor of one man alone, obsessive and definitive . . . [the artist] belongs to the genus of the ambitious or the drug-addict, and not to that of the decorator or the sensualist. . . .

An antidote to these extreme rigors soon follows:

> The program with which all art begins is primarily a breaking-away. However, while genius is necessarily discontent, it is not necessarily bitter; Giotto, Rubens, and Chardin rejected the forms that begot them, but did not reject the world.

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. . . Goya sought to wrench its mask of hypocrisy from the world, but Giotto to remove its mask of suffering.

The second volume, "The Creative Act," though longer than the first, is more easily summarized. It begins with a denial that post-Hellenistic art is "debased," except from the humanistic point of view. There follows a long and illuminating section on what happened to Hellenistic forms in Western Asia, in India, and finally in China. The photographic documentation, some of it in color, is magnificent here, as elsewhere in both volumes. A parallel study of the West surveys pre-Romanesque, Romanesque, and Gothic sculpture in contrast to Byzantine art, and continues with Giotto as the bridge between the sculpture of the great Gothic cathedrals and Renaissance painting. A single quotation may serve to show that these are no ordinary, pedestrian discussions:

Destined to shape the whole course of Western art, Italian painting was born of the intrusion of sculptors into the two-dimensional world. Thus, to begin with, the influence of the art of antiquity was chiefly that of sculpture over the styles of painting; and subsequently the discovery of medieval and, later, African sculpture was to direct or inflect modern painting, before taking effect on sculpture.

In two sentences Malraux suggests how it is possible that Cimabue could linger, with almost all other painters, in Byzantinisms, while Giovanni Pisano carved in an altogether different style; that Pisano preceded Giotto; and that the sculptors Maillol and Despiau—in the anti-Renaissance turn of modern times—could linger in humanism while their own contemporaries, Matisse and Rouault, demolished it with their new inventions in painting.

After the surveys of Eastern and Western art, which are designed to show the artist as the common denominator, and his art as always imagined, not imitated, Malraux turns to his final section. Here each of the six chapters would profit from a title; by way of summary I shall suggest some, in the proper order. All men, except artists, see similarly; artists see differently. Artists are inspired by other art, not by nature. The artist challenges destiny. He arrives at art through style. He is neither determined nor conditioned by history: El Greco and Tintoretto, near contemporaries who came from the same masters, differ widely. The artist surmounts his own biography: "the only biography that matters is his life-story *as an artist.*"

The discussion of El Greco and Tintoretto, which is carried to considerable detail, is a valuable addition to the criticism of these painters. One might suppose, as many writers have done, that the differences between them are largely due to geography. Malraux insists that this is not true:

Toledo, however, should not be overstressed. If the influence of this city, so dazzling at the time . . . and looming on the horizon of his later pictures as does New York on that of the films of so many immigrants, was so compelling, why should it have needed to wait for this Greek before manifesting itself, and why did it vanish, after him, for ever? Toledo is another Marseilles, *plus* famous edifices. and Marseilles is still awaiting its Greco. Then, as today, Toledo was ochre-hued; El Greco painted Toledo once only for its own sake; and made it dark green. It was not a model for him but a means for self-release.

For a future edition of this admirable work, the following errors should be corrected: Pol de Limbourg painted ca. 1415, not in the fourteenth century (I, 37). El Greco's "Last Supper" (II, 187) is a Supper in the House of Simon. The Head of a Youth and the Koré of Euthydikos date from the early fifth century, not the sixth (I, 93); the difference from the true archaic of the sixth century (I, 94) is a very important one. Contrariwise, the superb bearded head from Senlis (II, 57) is late twelfth century, not thirteenth; these differences are equally important even if one agrees with Henri Focillon that the twelfth century did not end in 1200.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

Trade and the Social Order

THE COMMERCE OF NATIONS. By J. B. Condliffe. W. W. Norton and Company. $7.50.

ECONOMISTS are constantly upbraided by their literary brethren for writing to one another in phrases unintelligible to the laymen who were once their traditional audience. Professor Condliffe has tried to communicate with this wider audience by discarding technical jargon and spelling out at some length explanations of concepts and processes that his colleagues prefer to set in terse equations. And this is all to the good, for what he loses in rigor, he gains in communicability: to wit, his excellent description of the foreign-trade market in Chapter 10. One can almost see what the competitive market did: how exchange ratios were reached by trial and error; how the mere threat of drought in India raised the price of wheat futures elsewhere, inducing farmers in the United States, Canada, and Argentina to plant more.

From the long narrative emerges essentially one theme. Throughout history, social policies have been rendered obsolete by changes in underlying economic conditions. And the ebb and flow of trade has always been a catalyst changing those conditions and with them the older social order. Thus it was that the church's proscription against usury gradually lost ground in the face of the twelfth-century trade revival. For canon law was concerned with consumption loans in a world of self-sufficient manors—loans generally made in time of famine. As trade developed, therefore, and money became "productive," the stigma against usury waned.

And so it was that Bentham, the Mills, Hume, Ricardo, and Smith, radicals of their own day, came to be regarded as "prophets of a soulless, reactionary, anti-social creed." Condliffe believes they were right in attacking "outworn methods of regulation of

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trade and labor" and battling against privileges of landowners, shipbuilders, and shipowners. But their weakness lay in failing to "create safeguards against . . . exploitation of the young and weak in economic bargaining power." So concerned were they with the abuses of a social order already disintegrating that they speculated largely over what the state should *not* do rather than over its positive responsibilities. None the less, within the framework of their assumptions, the author believes, their prescriptions for free trade were valid, for the simple truth underlying classical theory is that specialization increases production. Indeed, one must remember that even Alexander Hamilton preferred free trade to tariffs, provided everyone played the game. The crucial point for him, however, was that nobody did. And besides, he hoped tariffs would provide funds for subsidies to help entrepreneurs along the risky paths of innovation and so actually *hasten* economic progress.

As Condliffe is well aware, a fundamental question today is whether that network of social policies constituting the "welfare state" and the persistent growth of national farmer, worker, and business organizations are compatible with a system of free, "multilateral" trade. Quite rightly he seeks some workable compromise between diehard free-traders, opposing all import restriction and exchange depreciation, and doctrinaire employment theorists who would have us choose between full employment and international specialization. The choice is not that clear-cut.

HARVEY LEVIN

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

WHEN FLAGSTAD first appeared here her voice would produce its full splendor the moment she began to sing; what happens now is what happened at her recent Carnegie Hall concert of Wagner's music (with an orchestra conducted by Edwin McArthur). She began, in Senta's Ballad, with her lower tones characteristically voluminous and lustrous, the upper ones thin, tremulous and edged; in the course of the Wesendonck songs the upper tones began to acquire fullness, firmness, and color, and there was in addition a suppleness and subtle inflection of the lovely sounds in long phrase-sequences which took one's breath away; in the finale of "Tristan und Isolde" the voice was operating with soaring beauty all the way up to the A-flats and G-sharps in the piece, and took one's breath away, as it used to, at the end with the long sequence on *höchste Lust* rising to the final sustained pianissimo F-sharp; and in the Immolation Scene from "Die Götterdämmerung" there were the high B-flats and B-natural sensational in their security, clarity, power, and beauty. The beauty is not all it was once; but there is nothing like it to be heard today (Traubel at her best—at the time of her recording of the Immolation Scene with Toscanini—produced something like it; but not today). The voice is still the astounding phenomenon it was; and with the sovereign ease and mastery of its production, the musicality of its use, it still offers the greatest singing of our time.

One of the other outstandingly beautiful voices of our time and some of the most beautifully musical singing are Eleanor Steber's. But in her Town Hall performances with Mitropoulos of the ten religious songs from Hugo Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch" her singing lacked the special inflection which German Lieder call for in addition to mere beautiful phrasing; and her voice that evening was shrill in the upper range in which those Wolf songs stay much of the time.

As for Erna Berger's Carnegie Hall recital, after her impressive performances in the recordings of "The Magic Flute" and of *Et incarnatus est* from Mozart's Mass in C minor, the thin piping that she did in songs of Mozart and Schubert was very disappointing.

A less impressive performance of *Et incarnatus est* is to be heard in the LP recording of the C minor Mass issued by the Haydn Society (2006, 2 12"). The soprano is Rosl Schweiger, whose voice lacks sensuous beauty and at times is not agreeable to the ear. Hertha Toepper, mezzo-soprano, and the briefly heard Hugo Meyer-Welfing, tenor, are better; and the briefly heard George London, bass, is magnificent. The Vienna Akademie Chorus is good; the Vienna Symphony sounds mediocre in the performance conducted by Meinhard von Zallinger, on which the most effective and annihilating comment is provided by the de Sabata performance of the Requiem, with its clear, sharp, powerful shaping of the sound, its continuity of inner cohesive tension, its refinements of sonority, rhythm, execution—all conspicuously absent from the Zallinger performance. The recorded sound, with treble reduced and bass stepped up, lacks spaciousness and resonance; the chorus's fortissimos are a little distorted.

But the singing isn't all there is to comment on in the performance of *Et incarnatus est*. The Mass is an uncompleted work; and Mozart, the accompanying notes tell us, wrote out the entire parts for the solo woodwinds in *Et incarnatus est*, but "the violins and the viola are only written out up to the point at which the voice enters for the the first time" and "only appear again for the last seven bars." You and I would take this as Mozart's way of indicating his intention of having the violins and viola continue throughout the piece; and we would, if we were arranging a performance, write in the remainder of their parts—as in fact Alois Schmitt did for the edition that we have heard performed occasionally. But not the people who arranged the Haydn Society performance, who "have followed the more conservative method by which the organ acts as a *Generalbass* and fills in those places where only the voice and the basso continuo are indicated," and who find support for this in "the fact that Mozart left two blank staves in the auto-

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graph throughout for a solo organ part which was never completed." For these strangely operating minds, Mozart's actual writing of the beginning and end of violin and viola parts is not justification for filling in what is missing with violins and viola, but a non-existent organ part is justification for filling it in with organ; and this they consider to be a solution of the problem "which approaches the composer's intentions as closely as possible."

An unfamiliar choral work of Heinrich Schütz, his "Weihnachts-Historie," as performed under Arthur Mendel's direction on an R. E. B. Editions LP record (3), is a new reconstruction from the old manuscripts by Mr. Mendel, which in the case of the opening movement amounts to actual composition (only the figured-bass part having survived). It includes lovely music for chorus and for solo soprano, in addition to longer stretches of tenor recitative about the story of Christmas than I found interesting—especially in the curiously choppy style in which William Hess is made to sing them. Otherwise the performance is very fine, with singing by Charlotte Bloecher, the soprano soloist, that is exquisite in its purity of tone and style, and beautiful singing and playing by Mr. Mendel's Cantata Singers and a small orchestra including viols and recorders. The performance is excellently reproduced, though with excessively long pauses between sections.

CONTRIBUTORS

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FACTS ON FILM

BY MARY ANNE GUITAR

NOWHERE is the camera of greater service than in the field of human behavior. The subtle and shifting pattern of psychological reaction can be captured in a split second on film, and an illuminating picture of personalities in action can be thus created. Unfortunately, few of the psychological films available show spontaneous behavior; they are recreated human situations. And far too many simply state the case instead of indicating the possible cure. A recent release, "Human Motivations," seeks to avoid both these pitfalls.

Freud insisted that "the process of analysis cannot be demonstrated." Certainly the producer of "Human Motivations" would not claim that his film documents the intricate process of analysis. But it does show the external symptoms of a neurosis and traces the conscious processes which unearth troublesome and repressed material. This is done by making normal people momentarily neurotic and then freeing them from the hypnotically induced complex.

Dr. Lester F. Beck of Oregon University's Psychology Department hypnotized two college students, a boy and a girl, and then suggested that they had had a certain disturbing experience when they were six years old. When the subjects came out of the hypnotic state they showed many anxiety symptoms—tenseness, heavy breathing, perspiration. The girl expressed her inner feeling by repeating again and again that she felt terrible. A hidden camera recorded this external discomfort and observed the subjects as they tried to bring the buried material to light by means of dream interpretation, inkblot response, thematic apperception test, and word association. The doctor guided them along the path to recovery. When they had unearthed the planted material, their anxiety disappeared, and they reported a sense of liberation.

The relationship between boy, girl, and analyst contributes as much to the picture of human behavior as the experiment itself. It gives the film another dimension. The defense mechanisms of dependency, hostility, projection are freely exhibited as the subjects struggle to attain insight.

The film raises as many questions as it settles. How did the suggested material fit in with other buried material in the subconscious? In other words, could such an experiment ever be a perfectly controlled one? To get the most out of the film, would not more information about the subjects be required? The ways in which the subjects handled the buried idea might provide more data on unconscious motivations than the fact that they *did* react. However, those who refuse to acknowledge the existence of an unconscious at all should find this film disturbingly convincing. It certainly demonstrates the usefulness of tested psychiatric techniques. Association Films, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, rents the film for $7.50 and sells it for $115. It runs for thirty-eight minutes.

The National Film Board of Canada has produced a series of mental-health films which do a good job of dramatizing common neurotic behavior patterns by presenting case histories. The third and most recent one, "Over-Dependency," tells the story of an unwanted youngest child whose mother compen-

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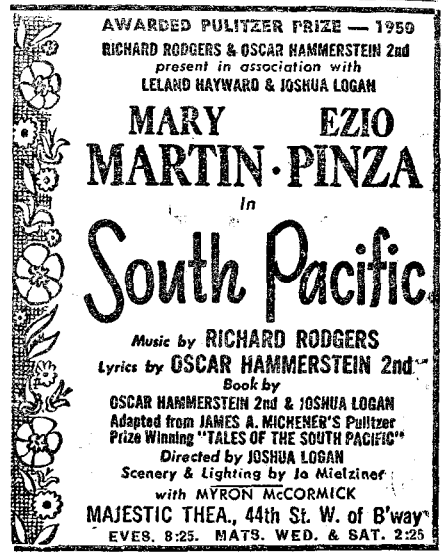
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sates for her negative feelings through over-protection. The film traces Jimmy's symptoms back to childhood conditioning and suggests therapy that results in his eventual cure. By oversimplifying the therapy the producers may have made the whole process seem a little too pat. Like the others of this series "Over-Dependency" may be obtained from the National Film Board, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York. This one runs for thirty-two minutes, costs $75, or can be rented for $3.75.

"The Feeling of Hostility," an earlier release, sticks almost exclusively to the history of the neurosis. In Clare we see a hostile, resentful adult who has suffered from a lack of affection and developed a compensating intellectual supremacy. The death of her father, her over-dependence on her mother, a stepfather's rejection, and her mother's exploitation instead of love, all play a part in isolating Clare. The narrator points out that she finally turned her hostility into constructive channels, but the film might have been clearer and more forceful had it shown the hostility at work more often. In a useful trailer a psychiatrist reviews the turning points of Clare's development and points out ways in which they could have resulted in a positive, happy adjustment. The film's weak point is that it does not suggest specific methods for Clare to use in freeing herself from hostility. The running time is thirty-two minutes, the rental fee $3.75, the sale price $75.

"The Feeling of Rejection," the first of the series, shows how submissiveness can become the dominant characteristic of a rejected child. This film is more hopeful than "The Feeling of Hostility" because it pictures the transformation of Margaret as she reworks her past experiences with psychiatric help and asserts herself. Her transformation seems more tentative than Jimmy's in "Over-Dependency" and therefore more convincing. "The Feeling of Rejection" runs twenty-one minutes, rents for $2.50, and the sale price is $50.

All the films in this series are persuasive, sincere documentations of human behavior, free from psychiatric jargon or sensationalism. Any one of them coupled with "Unconscious Motivations" would make a stimulating program.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Transatlantic Protest

Dear Sirs: Representing creative workers of all political persuasions in the British film industry, we are concerned to hear that the ten writers and filmmakers who were indicted in 1947 by the Un-American Activities Committee of the House of Representatives have been refused their appeal by the Supreme Court and must now serve a year's imprisonment for contempt of court and each pay a fine of $1,000 for their refusal to declare their political affiliations.

While it is none of our business to comment upon the legal practice of another country, we feel most strongly that the principles involved in the original hearings of this case, which were commented upon very widely in the American and the British press at the time, and in the refusal of the Supreme Court to hear any appeal, directly affect the liberties of the writer, filmmaker, and broadcaster in America and indirectly in all other countries.

On behalf of our organizations we protest against this treatment of our American colleagues.

RONALD NEAME,
Chairman, British Film Academy
ANTHONY ASQUITH,
President, Association of Cinematograph and Allied Technicians
FRANK LAUNDER,
President, Screenwriters' Association
London, England, April 26

Industry and Slums

Dear Sirs: Keith Hutchison's article Yankee "Socialism" [*The Nation,* March 11] prompted a meeting of the New York Metropolitan Committee on Planning to probe into the many social, economic, cultural, and political implications of industrial locations "determined solely by corporate calculations of profit and loss" which were not covered in that article. Among the points discussed, the following seem to be the most significant:

1. Industrial locations are at the root of limitless urban growth. Flourishing industries not only create conditions favorable to their own expansion but also stimulate the establishment of subsidiary industries. Employment opportunities attract labor, while a plentiful labor supply serves to attract more industry. The inevitable result is the colossal, sprawling industrial city, with its congestion and inhuman living conditions, with its blight and its slums.

2. The concentration of population and economic activity in the large cities causes the social impoverishment of the countryside through the migration to the cities of its most advanced, most enterprising, most independent human element. The constant growth of the city also causes the concentration there of almost all significant cultural and political activity. Unchecked, this process will widen the gulf which already separates the vital interests of our urban and rural populations. The extent of this gulf was clearly evidenced in the recent Senatorial campaign between Senator Lehman and Mr. Dulles.

3. The uncontrolled out-migration of industry causes widespread and chronic unemployment and is generally responsible for the economic decline of communities. The argument that labor quickly follows the departed plant is belied by the unabating unemployment in New England and other areas. Moreover, the extent of home ownership in this country seriously affects the mobility of many workers faced with unemployment. While there is general agreement that places unfit to live in may be safely allowed to die, the question whether it is in the national interest to allow entire regions to be so classified and see their economy wither away is highly debatable.

4. Excessive mobility of population prevents the gradual development of social and cultural values. The tremendous cost of providing sheer physical necessities in communities with an expanding population prevents their using funds to satisfy the cultural needs of their citizens. At the same time the established cultural institutions in the older towns perish for lack of support.

5. The millions of federal funds being currently expended on the redevelopment of slum areas in our older cities may prove to be wasted in the case of communities whose economic base and populations continue to shrink.

6. The decentralization of congested metropolitan centers by the development of outlying communities on open land—as authorized by the Housing Act of 1949—is impossible unless the coincident decentralization of employment opportunities is also assured.

7. The activities of many federal agencies affect industrial locations, yet there is no coordination among them; nor is there a generally agreed-upon definition of physical, social, and economic objectives. This lack of a "plan for planning" is quite evi-

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dent outside of governmental circles, since no pressure is being exerted by citizen groups in any well-defined direction.

The problem of uncontrolled industrial locations is of sufficient importance to warrant a thorough inquiry into all the factors involved, as well as the development of an informed public opinion on the entire subject of planned growth. Such a task could be successfully undertaken only by a nonpartisan Presidential commission. Its establishment in the near future may speed the coming of the day when the useless and haphazard expenditure of relief and public-works funds in various "distressed areas" will end in favor of the bolstering of their basic economy and the creation of self-perpetuating sources of livelihood for their citizens.

GEORGE M. RAYMOND

New York, May 4

No Relation

Dear Sirs: The Observer in *The Nation* of April 22 comments that "*Flair* . . . is about the size of the old *Vanity Fair* and has the same specific gravity." Obviously the Observer does not observe. *Vanity Fair* dealt with, among other subjects, politics, the theater, the dance, the films; it published short stories by Tess Slesinger, Heywood Broun, and Ford Madox Ford; it satirized in articles and pictures the follies of its era. That *Vanity Fair* was not *The Nation* or *The New Republic* is quite true; its purpose was to inform, to entertain—which the Observer seems to resent—and to comment on the passing scene. It was enjoyed by perfectly sane, intelligent readers. *Vanity Fair* has been missed by many since its unfortunate demise; a magazine of its type is still needed, but *Flair* is *not* that magazine.

GERALD HAWM

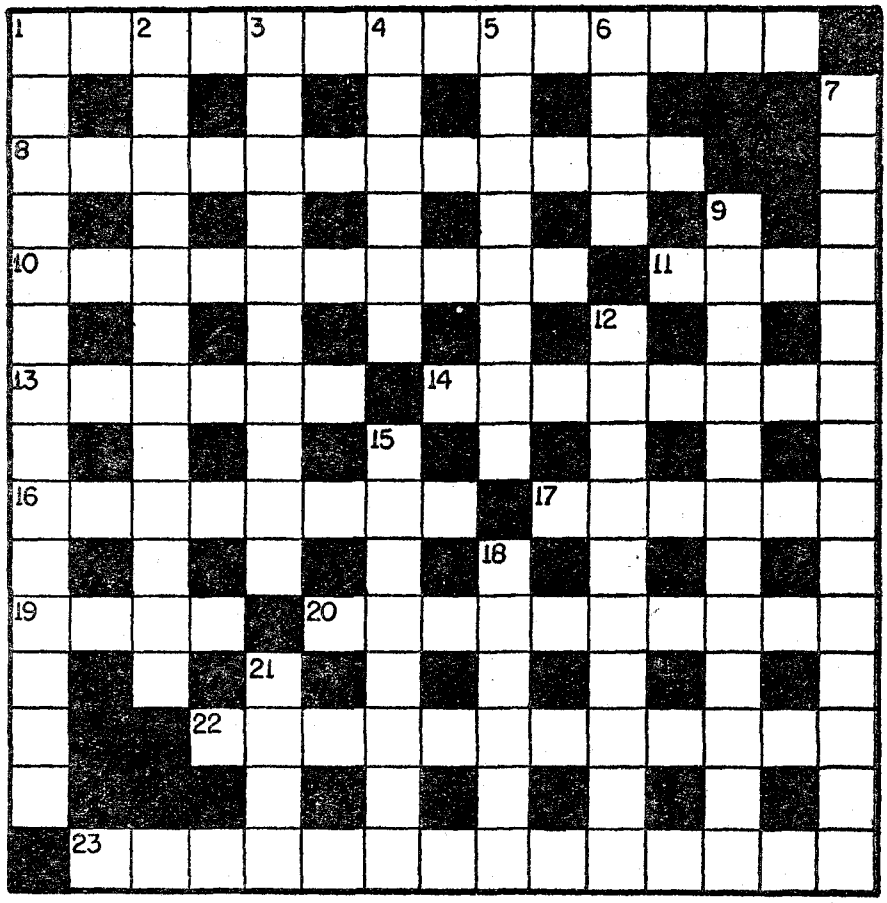
Philadelphia, April 28

"Misinformation and Distortion"

Dear Sirs: R. L. Chambers's article, Old vs. New at Taos [*The Nation,* March 25], would have been more at home in the Hearst press than in a liberal and responsible magazine. It would appear that Mr. Chambers never came to Taos but obtained his information from a couple of issues of one of the Taos newspapers—or if he did come to Taos, his informers were a few biased townsmen. Certainly he did not talk to any of the council members—least of all to Tony Mirabal, whom he so glibly

Crossword Puzzle No. 363

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Steady! (5, 2, 1, 6)
8 A refusal of total inactivity. (7, 5)
10 Ancient Egyptian character. (10)
11 See 21.
13 D'Artagnan, for example, is kind of light to study. (6)
14 Remain an alien. (8)
16 Looks like one line of poetry stands for all creation. (8)
17 Alternative transaction. (6)
19 Travel by cart. (4)
20 One does if he gets a legal majority. (5, 2, 3)
22 CR . . . . TIAL? (8, 4)
23 He has reached his last sentence. (5-4, 5)

DOWN

1 Steer between Scylla and Charybdis? (3, 3, 8)
2 Mudlarks? (12)
3 Like the French flag? (10)
4 Cagey about one's years. (6)
5 Marching cavalrymen. (8)
6 How revolutions wind up. (4)
7 I, perhaps. (8, 6)
9 Of French Saviors? (12)
12 Would he be voted most unlikely to succeed? (4-2-4)
15 Like the offspring of an insect? (8)
18 Synonym for the result of a messy bedroom? (6)
21 and 11 across Anon. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 362

ACROSS:—1 LIMIT; 4 ALARMISTS; 9 QUASIMODO; 10 RHOMB; 11 OVERSIGHT; 12 ISSUE; 13 STRONGHOLD; 17 ENTERPRISE; 21 ROPES; 22 SUNSTROKE; 23 HOVEL; 24 ORANGEADE; 25 PARASITES; 26 SPELL.

DOWN:—1 LIQUOR; 2 MOANED; 3 THIRST; 5 A MONTH OF SUNDAYS; 6 MARRIAGE; 7 SNOWSHOE; 8 SUBTENDS; 14 HEIRSHIP; 15 STOPOVER; 16 WRESTLES; 18 STAGES; 19 and 4 TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT; 20 REPEAL.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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quotes. For Antonio, whom he describes as "one of the younger, progressive Indians," is in the neighborhood of sixty, if not older. The misinformation and distortion of the facts are not in themselves important. But the misinterpretation of the whole upheaval is a shoddy piece of social reportage.

JOHN COLLIER, JR.

Taos, N. M., April 20

A Blue-Pencil Slip

Dear Sirs: I was in Taos the other day and learned that Mr. Collier feels quite strongly that the Indians should be permitted to work out their own degree of acculturation. With which I don't disagree. Nor did I say I did in my piece in *The Nation*. The article was simply intended to be a report on what had happened, not an interpretation. Collier cites only one example of "misinformation and distortion." He rightly points out that Antonio Mirabal is no longer young. I have examined my copy of the article and find that I did not describe Mirabal as "one of the younger" progressive Indians. Evidently, one of your editors assumed that anyone opposed to the ruling clique must be young. Not so.

Mirabal has been widely quoted over the state and elsewhere. To my knowledge, he has never denied making any of the statements attributed to him. I have been at Taos twice since the article appeared and noticed no consternation about it there. I think that Mr. Collier's objections may in part stem from the fact that the dispute at the pueblo is working its way clear now.

R. L. CHAMBERS

Sante Fe, N. M., May 3

Unfair to Science

Dear Sirs: To one reader at least it seems that the review by Marjorie Farber of Anthony Standen's "Science Is a Sacred Cow" in your issue of April 15 failed seriously to give a critical estimate of the book's value. Mr. Standen's assumption to the contrary notwithstanding, most scientists would undoubtedly agree that much in science teaching and many claims made in the name of science are in need of "debunking." One would hope that this be done with wit, clarity, and fairness. None of these virtues are in evidence in Mr. Standen's book. What your reviewer calls "brash, often boyish tones" will impress thoughtful readers as insufferable arrogance. . . . His very first paragraph gives away the

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manner in which the unwary reader may expect to be brow-beaten by unsupported and unsupportable assertions. "No one ever doubts what is said by a scientist," says Mr. Standen, knowing full well that a considerable part of scientific literature is filled with criticism of scientific work. It is impossible here to refute the untruths, half-truths, and non-sequiturs that are to be found on every page of his book. . . . Richard H. Rovere, writing in the *New Yorker* about the McCarthy charges, said recently:

An . . . advantage of the "multiple untruth" is that statements shown to be false can still be repeated over and over again with impunity, because no one will remember which statements have been disproved and which ones haven't.

Precisely. Mr. Standen's book may easily become a non-fiction—or fiction?—best-seller, since his multiple untruths will presumably persuade a good many people that the culprit for the depressing mess in which we live has at last been found.

WALTER LANDAUER

Storrs, Conn., April 27

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ROBERT F. STOWELL

Calais, Vt., April 28

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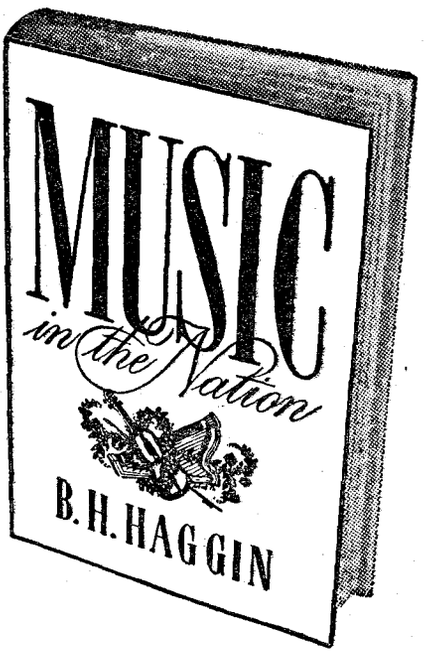

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